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Canada's

Weekly Newsmagazine

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MIDEAST FALLOUT

THE NEW SOLITUDES

Jewish and Arab Canadians are battling for the public's ear, but are deaf to each other.

BY JONATHON GATEHOUSE

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Montreal's
Leila Mouammar
and Gil Troy



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This Week

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2B 'France is melting' In Jean-Marie Le Pen, Jews and Arabs faced an equal-opportunity bigot. Jacques Chirac may have won the presidential election, but as Renzo Arbore discovered, the underclass remains barely above water.

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ROGERS

Neurokinin-1 receptor antagonists are currently available, either as oral or nasal sprays, for the treatment of chronic rhinitis and sinusitis. Further research is required to determine the optimal use of these agents.



From the Editor

Free trade—the protectionist way

In Vancouver last week, I caught up with a childhood friend I hadn't seen in 15 years. Inevitably, we reminisced about Notre-Dame-de-Grâce, the Montreal neighbourhood where we grew up, and other mutual friends. Those who stayed in NDG, Kelly observed, knew that when times get tough, friends help out. Loyalty has pragmatic as well as sentimental value, you get back what you give.

That same day, I saw a Vancouver acquaintance who's CEO of a food company that, under his stewardship, grossed hundreds of millions last year. Despite that, he's quaking—frustrated, he says, by endless cross-border trade disputes hampering sales of his products south of the border. This is a determined free-trader, a strong supporter of Gordon Campbell's small "z" conservative B.C. government—and now possessed of a view that says Canada should rethink its growing economic ties with America. That relationship, he says, has risen to the point that it's no longer possible to negotiate: "Whenever trade rules come out in our favour, they change the rules so that they won't."

The consensus shared in those exchanges is that people take care of their own—it's a weird, protectionist in personal relationships, that's seen as a good thing—friends helping friends. In business or politics, it seems less sensible—especially from the outside, looking in on such transactions. Canadians aren't getting a break from Washington on issues like softwood lumber, and anything called the Dayyan-Craig administration will take future trade negotiations much harder. Just notified by the U.S. Senate, it will allow senators to pick apart, clause by clause, international trade agreements for renegotiation. Until now, Senate votes on ratifying such agreements have been a sit-down-and-listen affair. The change underlines American trade

negotiations more important because they now can't guarantee any debt they offer.

This intransigence also underlines a growing trend in democratic countries: governments are reassessing their authority, while enthusiasm for unfettered free trade is waning—even in America, the supposed beacon of capitalism. George H.W. Bush, a brilliant Canadian foreign affairs officer now at Harvard, recently tackled related issues in a paper entitled *DOM: Diplomacy or the Assessor in the Age of Disassessments*. Among other things, Haynes says policy-makers should never assume unanimity on economic issues: "The underlying assumption in trade policy is that liberalized rules remove barriers to virtual flows, and in the process, bring greater prosperity for all," he writes. But, he adds, "Experience has shown that the picture is a good deal more complicated. As liberalization proceeds, the trade policy agenda increasingly reaches out far closer to the heart of domestic policy than in the past."

That means, Haynes continues, that things like investor rights, intellectual property protection and agricultural subsidies will all end up on the bargaining table. And American politicians are increasingly putting parochial concerns upfront in trade deals—never mind their rhetoric about free markets. Globalized businesses have completely changed the way individual economies function, but politicians still fall back on old remedies, like subsidies. Take care of your own: that's the message in Washington at the expense of all the rest. As the boys in NDG say, you get what you give. We should apply that maxime to all sovereignty-related issues.

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Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

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Medical immersion

As a physician-in-training, I would like to caution against the approach of immediately immersing first-year medical students into community training, without prior or concurrent teaching of the science of medicine ("Building a better doctor," Cover, May 13). These needs to be a gradual transition from the classroom to the bedside so that medical students will have the knowledge and skill to be comfortable functioning semi-independently. But inherently, I believe to "build a better doctor" we need to develop empathy and compassion in a physician. Knowledge and skill will come with time and experience, but if a doctor lacks the basic humanistic qualities, this doctor will never be good enough.

Dr. Gilbert Liang, Toronto



solvent, "is causing excessive strain on a labour-intensive problem-based learning-dependent curriculum" and that "there is inadequate teaching faculty and resources for the high number of medical students, thereby forcing students to accept rotations out-of-town." Not quite the rosy picture conveyed in your article.

Erica Shatto, Vice-President, Education, Canadian Federation of Medical Students, Toronto

I was very pleased to read your update on the increasingly pragmatic and holistic approaches to medicine being rediscovered in Canada. Similar movements happened in the '80s and '90s, but have to be restored every so often after bureaucratization, promotion, privatization or hyper-specialization threatens to drag down the public health system.

Roger D. Sparrow, Champlain College, Ottawa, Que.

Some students learn better from problem-based learning and others from lectures; some prefer community hospitals and others academic health science centres. This should not be cause for concern. What Canadians should worry about, however, is governments' understanding of medical schools. At the last Canadian Federation of Medical Students meeting, the McMaster University contingent presented a report stating that increasing em-

Who's the governor?

So Americans don't know much about Canada ("We're almost the same country," Canada and the World, May 13). Why don't Canadians know more about *Indians*? Our population is over a fifth that of Canada's.

We are a good trading partner. Indians boys have died alongside Canadian boys in all of your longest military excursions. Yet more Canadians don't know that Hooton flew the first plane and invented the powered washing machine and the disposable diaper. They don't even know the name of our government! What is wrong with Canadians? Why are they so self-absorbed? Actually, my travels to all 10 Canadian provinces have taught me Canadians are a confident, friendly, bright, indomitable people and our best friends in the international community. It'd be to tell you how sorry we Americans are that four of your brave sons lost their lives recently in Afghanistan due to the mistake of an American pilot. Please don't hold President Bush's bare-faced and arrogant handling of the affair and international relations against the rest of us.

Ben Goss-Schmidt, Doonington, Ont.

For the past eight years, *Maclean's* national rankings have placed the University of Toronto in the No. 1 position among universities with medical/doctoral programs. In achieving this success, we owe a great deal to our MD students, who have led the country in developing a code of ethics for clinical teaching, building outreach programs and embracing new forms of educational innovation. Unfortunately, our students and faculty office were baffled to find Toronto portrayed as a stuffy old school in your article on MD education. Medicine as its best is the most human of the sciences and the most scientific of the humanities. Toronto has quietly built a very innovative MD program around those ideals. Perhaps. But given the results, we wouldn't have it any other way.

Dr. Richard Gosselin, Doonington, Ont.

In the picture

It's good to see a magazine that still knows how to use photographs. Writers for *Maclean's* use their words well to paint pictures of the events to which they bear witness, but often the photographs which sum the stories into memory. The May 13

issue had remarkable images of the Arab/Israeli conflict by Goran Tomasevic, of the effect of AIDS in Zambia by Peter Turnley, photo story of Neil Young by Chris Buck, and in the last story about doctors by Derek Shapton. Great job!

Dave Dunn, Inglewood, Sask.



Is the Chuck Italy ahead of its literary?

closed alliance." The *Mail*, May 20, it is indeed true that I am an employee of *CanWest Global Television*, an executive producer of *Global Sunday*, a on-air of *MoneyWise*, a founder of content convergence with *CanWest's* print and new media properties, and a shareholder in the company. It is true that my employer has suggested that *CBC Television* be purchased. But I voice my disaffection. *CanWest* is an individual private broadcaster who possesses more than passing knowledge of the "trust in amber" imagination of those who operate our public broadcasters; a journalist whose vision of the *CBC's* compromised mandate goes back more than a quarter century and is always assuaged by the *Hockey Night in Canada* theme.

Peter Kent, Toronto

If you don't live in a large city local news is almost nonexistent on private television in large portions of Canada. The *CBC* seems to produce more news, information and Canadian programming in one month than the private stations do in a year. It has also stuck by the Canadian Football League through all its ups and downs for 50 years and has made casting one of the most popular sports in Canada. When were the private networks for these sports? Sorry, Peter, private television can't have the grey self-taking some of the lamps.

W. J. Murphy, Mississauga, Ont.

I am 23, I have a BA and an MA, but Peter Kent thinks I am a demographic that the *CBC* should ignore. Please don't lump young people into some stereotypical "idiot age bracket."

Laura Stewart, Ottawa

I am as frustrated with the *CBC* and its policy of pre-empting regular programming for sports events that, at times, I find myself cheering for the hometown team in Ottawa when they announce another budget cut. The *CBC* doesn't seem to understand that deficit sports fans already subscribe through cable or satellite to their favorite sports networks.

Michael Lehman, St. John's, Que.

In response to *CBC* management's ignorant points about my identity ("Undi-

cated. The bury are way ahead of the hierarchy on this issue—a majority of Canadians Catholics know that their conscience instead of white-hair roes is long gone who haven't had an intimate relationship with a woman since they were weaned.

Heather Stanley O'Meara, Toronto

Without question, there are those in society who welcome any negative news regarding Catholics, and over an association has been made public; the accuser has basically been presented guilty and the damage is, for the most part, irreparable. As a Catholic, I feel that it can realistically end in good consequences still respect the Catholic Order, in which such moral failure is rare.

Frank Steele Jr., Mississauga, Ont.

Canadian evolution

Ray Search tends to contend that the weak Canadian dollar, crime, social schools, Sunday shopping and the poor state of health care in Canada are all the result of immigration ("Consider the demographic," The *Mail*, May 13). Perhaps we should also blame immigrants for the automobile, foreign oil and paper bills. At any rate, this didn't exist when his family miraculously appeared in Canada prior to Confederation. Our country is evolving and it has been since before the French family immigrated to Canada. While new immigrants have always brought different values to our land, I don't believe that they have the power to ruin Canadian values. Rather they can enhance them.

Patrick McNeil, Vancouver

Privacy in the air

You raise our privacy-watching George Radwanski as an "Underachiever" (Overdrive, May 13) for objecting to Canada's proposed Bill C-55, which would allow numerous federal departments to go on air-fishing expeditions using airline passenger lists. Since the non-cancer hijacking of Sept. 11 had since worsened outstanding, provisions like Bill C-55's would not have helped. They could, however, hurt Canadian citizens who might otherwise fly down to a job interview or take an opening at a college and decide not to because of a little problem with Revenue Canada. We wonder if you'd feel the same under such circumstances.

Charles Ross, Toronto, Ont.



in deep, halcyon repose (hælsiən, hæljen adj. 2. Peaceful)

Jesse Sheidlower, First American Editor of the Oxford English Dictionary

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Overture

Edited by Shonda Denzel
with John Atwell

Over and Under Achievers

• Jess Christensen Sociology, an ethics professor, is in the works too late to save anything but defensive, but good policy can cost fees. Well see.

• David Lassonde Critics say his Psycho opt-outs are a prelude to packing out of the award. But a read that was all hot air suddenly has cool reasoning.

• Soundblabs The weird webstinks kind. Founded by post Sept. 11 insurance folks, the fanned flying scared's future is in doubt.

• Soundblabs The Ronde bache strutting sort. Their angry bickering gets them况况ed from a now U.S. 30-day limit. on sound bytes.

Overblites

"My Lord, it is a privilege to be here. After the tortuous course that I pursued getting to your Lodgehouse House I would be remiss if I did not thank the former leader of the opposition and the Prime Minister for their kind persistence on my behalf."

"Given the gravity of the proportion and the strength of the U.S., I cannot imagine any country behaving more judiciously, more moderately and yet more effectively than us here in the United States during the past eight months."

—Extracts from the speech of Lord Black of Grosvenor—otherwise known as *Colonel Black*—who is re-examining the U.K. to strengthen its alliance with the U.S.



Photo: Mark L. Schiefelbein

Mary Graham's a stranger in a strange TV land

Who was the last thing Mary Graham expected when she left Per Toronto home in 2003 to teach English in Tokyo? But once overseas, she soon became easy to be found—by three of Japan's biggest bands. "I walked into a music video produced by three of Japan's biggest bands," she says. Graham, who before moving to Tokyo was working as an information officer with CBC in Japan, thinks an TV can never be scary. "They always have to be cuts," she mock consores. Graham has often lamented because she was the only foreigner in the audience. She also returned a gallerie in favour of *Japan*.

Things soon snowballed and Graham found a modelling agent. She did some commercial work for Sony and Kentucky Fried Chicken, and scored a music video produced by three of Japan's biggest bands. "I walked into a music video produced by three of Japan's biggest bands," she says. Graham, who before moving to Tokyo was working as an information officer with CBC in Japan, thinks an TV can never be scary. "They always have to be cuts," she mock consores. Graham has often lamented because she was the only foreigner in the audience. She also returned a gallerie in favour of *Japan*.

John Atwell

My Indole Ring's groovy, again

I imagine you're in a psychedelic rock band in the '60s. You open for the Grateful Dead, Muddy Waters and the Stones in 1968 before ever releasing an album, the record labels say you can't get your feet in the door, so you start your own, get a job, join the establishment. Then come from 30 years later a record label finally comes calling. "Paradise, baby?" But that was what happened to the members of *My Indole Ring*, a Vancouver-based group formed after the chemical structure found in hallucinogenic drugs.

Nearly thirty years ago, Thomas Hastings who runs a German label specializing in psychedelic masters, happened to see CBC footage of the band performing in 1968. He was impressed. Hastings tracked down the fourmen and offered them \$1,800 for the rights to release their music. "After more than 32 years we're not going to jump over money," laughs drummer Chris Du M, the design manager at the University of British Columbia. "We didn't exactly have people knocking down our door."

Hastings passed a batch of limited-edition *My Indole Ring* vinyl LPs last November that are already sold out. And this week the band will have its full-length CD (with 13 tracks, released in Germany) Compadre/Septimus Records & CDs will begin distributing it in June. The music comes from semi-new and semi-old tracks that the band's singer-songwriter/guitarist, John King, saved in his basement.

J.L.

Kimber on tour

Thank you, cycling! A columnist's job with one of the biggest media conglomerates in Canada is a career-limiting move? Guess again. Stephen Kimber, editor, journalist and director of the school of journalism at the University of King's College, did precisely that back in June, after the Halifax Daily News spiced a column by wrote otherwise the paper's owner, Centeneo Global Communications Corp.—controlled by the Asper family. Since then Kimber's been in high demand.

John Atwell

He's already down to Ottawa to speak about the changes of media concentration to the Canadian Association of Journalists. In February, he went to Washington to brief the staff of the Federal Communications Commission, who are considering loosening legislation limiting cross-media ownership of newspapers and TV stations in the same area. "I'd known it would turn into a media circus and would give me all these frequent politi," Kimber jokes. "I would have cut a long-time ago."

This week, he's in Canberra testifying before an Australian Senate

J.L.



The fifth man

One of the midges former prime minister *see Clark* read earlier this month in the current PM as "the leader of the fifth party" that may soon change after *See Bannister's* by election win at the Newfoundland riding. Gender-Greed falls. On a 100s packed up a seat. But they didn't seat with *Bills* Monks' win in Windsor West. That left the NDP to 14, and one better than the Conservatives.

But the Tories have another shot at shaking the fifth party stigma. *John* Mark, who deserted the Canadian Alliance last summer over Stockwell Day's leadership, and remains the only rebel to refuse to return to the fold, says he's thinking of joining the Tories. First, he'll wait for the results of polling his constituents in the Miramichi riding of Gaspé-Sainte-Rose, and he's also interested in what platform changes are made at the May convention in August. Mark told *Maclean's* he plans to run under a party banner and not as an independent, and added that he won't go back to the Alliance. Their losses are 10 seats—two with Mark's seat would be best for the Tories. Of course, those assuming Clark's mates, *He's* got his Rockabilly band up for sale and news reports last week claimed by the leader suggested he may soon step aside. If so, the Tories will have to keep on bringing up the rear.

J.L.

John Atwell

"Wendy was a mess with a stick in his hands / Who learned how to play in Redmond / 5-4-5-K / You'll wish that you had died / When Wendy has you in her clutches / 'Cause he does it in the Canadian way."

—The Ballad of Wendell Clark,
parts 3 & 4
by The Ringers

"Bill Barlow disappeared that summer / He was on a fishing trip / The last boat he ever sailed was the *Leoucher Cup* / They didn't return another until 1982 / The year he was chemmed."

—Fifty-Second Cup
by The Tragically Hip



"You skate as fast as you can / 'Til you're in the snowbank (that's how you stop) / If you get you, get you / outta there from the catalogue."

"On Sunday afternoon / Somebody's dog just took the puck / He's barking it, it's in the snowbank / You know / They stood in the streets of Immortal / When they bashed Rocker Rocker it's true!"

—Macley
by June Sherry

"Wendy was a mess with a stick in his hands / Who learned how to play in Redmond / 5-4-5-K / You'll wish that you had died / When Wendy has you in her clutches / 'Cause he does it in the Canadian way."

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by The Tragically Hip



The Babysitter Indicator

I knew there was no recession well before Statistics Canada officially broke the news. The media may have spent last year obsessed with gloom-and-doom speculation about a serious downturn, but my Babysitter Economic Indicator was running far more positive all along.

The Babysitter Indicator measures the difficulty of finding and keeping a reliable babysitter for a period of 12 to 18 months (or 10 consecutive quarters). Difficulty levels peak during an economic boom, when the task becomes almost impossible, and then bottom out during a recession, when it is only moderately difficult to find a decent babysitter.

Right now, I'm hanging on to my babysitter Nira, who has just returned to school full-time and is less available than ever, by volunteering to help her find an apartment in the very tight Montreal housing market. (Having trend indicators as before known although slower and less accurate than the Babysitter Indicator.) The deal is that Nira sticks with me until I finish my M.A. and then, I take over the time-consuming task of checking out potential apartments for her while she sorts out her studies.

When negotiations get this tough, I know well before Bay Street that first and second quarter GDP figures are likely to be far stronger than expected, even the ornate bank economists have recently rushed to revise upwards. I've been getting solid and quick reads from the Babysitter Indicator since the last economic upturn, when both halves of a bare-boned babysitting team abandoned me. Babysitter A found a boyfriend and wanted to spend more time with him. Babysitter B's lesbian romance was souring and the fact that it was to be saved, it needed an extramarital investment of time and energy. I took their dismissals personally, wondering if it was bad cheer—or even worse—if my child wasn't so delightful as I believed. The evidence, after all, was damning. Strength, gay, good love life, bad love life, my babysitters just didn't want to work for me anymore.

Then I had my Eureka moment. I realized this week about either me or my child. "Hey!" I said. "It's the economy, stupid!" Residential babysitters were flocking to Starbucks and Tim Hortons, where they could be spared slowing down the laze assembly line and spending untrained extra napkinware on chicken salad sandwiches. Instead of spending hours in my kitchen, the babysitters were doing it in the service industry sector, which paid better.



I created my first Babysitter Indicator to take into account not just the number of hours spent looking for babysitting candidates, but variables such as the babysitter's age and sexuality. I was reminded of Woody Allen's remark that bisexuals double their chance of getting a date on Saturday night, which, in turns makes them less available for babysitting.

To test the Indicator, I had to get my next babysitter a 66-something widow who despised me for finding her interests still love again and arrived the wrong age to run off and become a divorcee at the new Starbucks down the street. The strategy worked, and I kept her for a full nine months during the decade's strongest period of economic growth. When she finally left for the warmer climes of Vancouver Island, she was kind enough to refer me to my current babysitter, her daughter.

But then the Indicator got us off track, so I refined it to take into account the severe disarray caused by family babysitting networks. To verify my calculations, I checked with other parents desperate to get babysitters from a new-oven-operative community program. It aimed to provide local users with babysitting and gardening jobs, but no one I knew was able to get a babysitter from the program, including my neighbour who boasted personal connections to the woman who ran it.

To avoid personal babysitting disasters, I acted retrospectively to keep my babysitter happy, treating her to her favourite Chardonnay and order-in pizzas, while adjusting my Indicator calculations to include a brie factor. (Hey, as I was to car back on the euro after Sept. 11, I insisted.) So, imagine my shock when my son's dad did not like my babysitter's lateness and her dropping that she might be moving on.

By the time my confidence in the Babysitter Indicator was so strong that I never even considered taking it personally forward, I began to seriously question—long before all the economists—whether the negative economic impact of 9/11 might not have been vastly overestimated. As it turned out, my indicator called it not just right but *far* once again.

What's more for the home you are? Well, put it this way: I found a new job even before finishing my diploma, but I'm still looking for a new babysitter. 13

Ann Brocklehurst is a Montreal journalist and maintains a discussion Weblog at www.brocklehurst.blogspot.com.

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The Week That Was

In from the cold

Russia may once have been the enemy—part of the “evil empire” as Ronald Reagan put it—but that was then. Now Russia President Vladimir Putin, who is known as a kavak in the West for his support since the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks, has signed an historic pact with NATO foreign ministers meeting in Reykjavik. With the goal of jointly combating common security threats, the soon-to-be-established NATO-Russia Council will set policy on a fixed range of issues, from controlling the spread of nuclear, chemical and biological weapons to search and rescue in the Arctic. Still, things were a little frosty in the frozen capital when the discussions turned to the planned expansion of the 39-nation alliance. Despite Moscow’s objections, NATO will likely decide at a November summit in Prague to admit 10 new members, including Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia—all on Russia’s doorstep.

Pearl's body found

Investigations before the mutilated body of a white man found in a shallow grave in southern Kansas is that of Susan Pate. The *Wall Street Journal* reporter disappeared in January while investigating alleged terrorist plots in Pakistan. Pate’s remains took DNA sample but, by weeks end, had not positively identified the remains. Still, a spokesman for Pakistani President Gen. Pervez Musharraf said that in the scans matching buttons from Pate’s shirt as well as the general build of the body much “confidence” could be given. Three new suspects in the case had denied police in the state four men in the country are still for Pate’s kidnapping and murder.

A turn to the right

After eight years of enacting progressive social policy, Dutch Prime Minister Wim Kok’s Labour party and its two coalition allies dropped



REUTERS

What did Bush know?

Sept. 11 made George W. Bush the new President’s greatest response to the tragedy boosted his approval ratings to record heights—but the proposed new laws that the terrorist attacks might easily undermine him. At most are questions over how much the White House knew about impending terrorist activity, and whether the massive loss of life could have been avoided. Last week, the White House acknowledged that the CIA

questioned Bush in August over possible plane hijackings, but Bush’s national security advisor, Condoleezza Rice, said the warnings were unapologetic. “I don’t think anybody could have predicted that three people would take an airplane and slice it into the World Trade Center,” she said. Bush’s explanations failed to satisfy critics, who called for no impunity. “There was a lot of information,” said Republican Senator Richard Shelby, vice-chairman of the Senate intelligence committee. “If it had

been acted on properly we may have had a different tragedy.” Meanwhile, in its continuing response to the attacks, Washington revised the possibility of freezing visitors to the U.S. to a one-month ride that would have affected 100,000 non-Canadian tourists—not to mention the southern states, where Canadians spend billions every year. But U.S. Homeland Security Director Tom Ridge issued Deputy Prime Minister John Montroy that such limits would not be imposed on Canadians. “If it had

been the upstart Lot party, but it could be an unstable group, the Lot party has no cohesive leadership and no natural leader after the May 8 deaths of its iconoclastic founders, Ben Fortney, who shook up the formerly staidly buttoned-up Lot government’s issues.

Death in India

Tensions remained high between India and Pakistan after 26 people, including the child of a soldier, were

killed and 45 injured in an attack on an Indian army base in Jammu. The three assailants, alleged to be Islamic militants, also died in the exchange of gunfire. India said it seeks Pakistan “directly responsible” for the attack, an allegation Pakistan rejected. The South Asian nuclear rivals, each of which claims Kashmir, have once again fought wars over the Himalayan province.

Carter in Cuba

In a move as well as odds with current U.S. policy, former president Jimmy Carter visited Cuba to argue for normalizing relations between the two nations. During his five-day trip, he met with local clergy, toured facilities such as a housing project and a medical clinic and had an official breakfast with Fidel Castro. While Cuban media widely covered Carter’s outreach of Washington’s policies toward Havana, including his call for an end to the 43-year-old U.S. embargo, they were less forth coming about his references to Cuba’s lack of liberties. In Washington, George W. Bush stayed off

Carter’s trip, saying, “I haven’t changed my foreign policy—and that is that Fidel Castro is a dictator.”

Tried at last

Fourteen of the 1999 trial of a former Ku Klux Klan leader and his son had the power to shock nearly 40 years after a bomb exploded through the Sacramento, Calif., basement of the Southern Baptist Church in Birmingham, Ala., killing four young black girls. Just as in the trial of Bobby Frank Cherry, now a 71-year-old mid-life drifter, locked away and paroled when a committee showed them black-and-white newspaper photos of Denise McNair, 11, and Carole Robertson, 14, and Cynthia Wesley, 14, the government has always maintained that KKK members planted the bomb in the church, which was a rallying point for civil rights protesters. Cherry is the final surviving suspect and prosecutors said his trial will be the last at the case. Two men were earlier convicted of the Sept. 14, 1963, bombing while a fourth suspect died in 2004 without being charged.

Mixed messages

For responsible men, was it a “referendum” on government corruption? Not quite. Yes, the federal Liberals were only four years away from elections on May 13, with the Alliance, Tories and NDP each taking one of the three, then, new Liberals leader Stephen Harper was considered a show-in in Calgary Southwest—as much so that the Liberals and Conservatives didn’t even field candidates. And in Ontario’s Waterloo-West and Mississauga-Greider Grand Prix, where former Minister Jim D’agostino rigs awarded investment of local governments a last-leg three MPs from Grey and Bruce Bakker—Grey was unconvincingly asked to withdraw. In Mississauga, Bakker was pulled into the Stanley—substituted to the government’s issues.

And the rest? Manitoba’s Saint-Louis-Saint-Michel had been held by Alberto Gaspario, the

former public works minister and now ambassador to Denmark who is at the center of the latest spat over questionable—some say scandalous—government contracts. In that, edging, the Liberals won 84 per cent of the vote (percentage? what percentage?) in Lester B. Pearson and Mississauga-Greider Grand Prix, where former Minister Jim D’agostino rigs awarded investment of local governments a last-leg three MPs from Grey and Bruce Bakker—Grey was unconvincingly asked to withdraw. In Mississauga, Bakker was pulled into the Stanley—substituted to the government’s issues.

Mixed results, to be sure, which Coalition—who did not even bother to campaign locally—not voting too well. But it was hardly a “whirlwind.”

Telefile hangs up

It wasn’t the biggest corporate cash in Canadian history but it was still a costly Telefile Inc. bid for 30 day-broker protection with debts of \$8 billion, most of which is never expected to repay. The long-distance telecommunications company in sububurb of Montreal-based BCE Inc., said it would cost 950 people in 40 countries, almost half its workforce. Telefile’s big mistake, in common with many other telecom firms, was borrowing big to install fiber optic networks for an Internet backbone that didn’t materialize. The resulting debt crippled a company already burdened with other problems, and led to the April resignation of BCE chairman James Monty. Canada’s biggest bankruptcy protection was filed by property firm Olympia & York Developments Ltd. in 1992 with \$14.3 billion in debts.

It's a good thing

Homelessness mega guru Martha Stewart moved house to St. Catharines Inc. from Zaffino Inc. after failing to reach a new deal on her line of home furnishings. Retail analysts say that is a bad sign for Sears, whose U.S. plan to bought the catalog catalogue Farn Lantz Ltd. had the same week in a continuing effort to diversify its offerings.

Discoverer Zetech, the Sudbury, Ont.-based mining company, German media conglomerate Bertelsmann bought it for US\$88 million—preempting Fairmont’s and CEO Klaas Hiltz’s return.

Oil patch deal

Calgary-based Marathon Oil (Edmonton) made its \$2.7-billion proposed merger with a 50 per cent stake that would create North America’s fourth largest oil-gas producer. Canadian Natural Resources Ltd. made the deal by bid for a long Rio Alco exploration Ltd. Edwards is a member of both the Calgary-based companies’ boards. Following a wave of U.S. takeovers last year, the deal was a further boost for Canadian ownership of the oil patch after April’s \$2.1-billion merger of Petro-Canada Energy Corp. and Alberta Energy Co. bid to form EnCana Corp.

Passages

Dead: Dennis Aloisio Bayl was a former 1960s Toronto gang member who escaped from the city’s Don Jailhouse. In 1962, he and other escapees, known as the Bayl Gang, went on a crime spree. Members of the gang were hanged for killing a police officer. Bayl was given eight consecutive life sentences, but served only 14 years in prison. He was released in 1986. Bayl, 88, died of pneumonia in a hospital in New Bedford.



Dead: Joseph Benarosa Jr. was the Sicilian born former head of one of New York’s original mob families. While often associated with Joe Bonanno—so he was often also never connected with organized crime, Bonanno, 91, who was said to have had business connections in Montreal, died of heart failure in New York.

Returned: Three days after Nagoya, Japan, winner Shelly Kusumoto, and other top executives, left the Redwood City, Calif.-based music publishing company German media conglomerate Bertelsmann bought it for US\$88 million—preempting Fairmont’s and CEO Klaas Hiltz’s return.

Awanted: Toronto photographer James, 60, with the \$30,000 Robit Art Prize for excellence in photography publishing for his book *Flora*.

Die: After rising through the ranks of Southern Inc., St. Clair Belliveau was named chairman of the media firm in 2003. He also served as governor of the Toronto Stock Exchange and chair of the University of Toronto’s governing council. Belliveau, 92, died of lung cancer at his Toronto home.



Farming: you have to grow to succeed

The numbers are stark: In the past five years, 29,023 farms have disappeared from the Canadian landscape. And those still operating are getting larger—11.2 per cent bigger at average farm size; to survive, agriculture must become big—or at least, bigger—business.

Remarkably, despite consecutive hard-working farm work about the disappearance of the family farm, the amount of land under tillage in Canada increased by 4.2 per cent between 1996 and 2005. But there's no doubt the little guys are being pushed out. The broadest swing in the new 2006 Census of Agriculture from Statistics Canada comes in the analysis: production in Prince Edward Island, 14 per cent of farms were lost while the remaining farms grew 10-fold by 18.2 per cent.

It's also getting tougher to make a profit. Over five years, expenses such as fertilizer increased by 10 per cent while farmers produced 4.6 per cent less income for their products. And for every dollar of gross farm receipts, 87 cents went directly to paying operating expenses, up from 83 cents.

But not all the news is bad. The number of new farm operators—about 50,000—was consistent with longer term trends, statistics said, and total acreage is expanding. And the greenhouse industry continues to expand: there are now 327 million square feet under cover, up 42 per cent since 1996. Ontario boasts nearly half of Canada's greenhouse space, with British Columbia a distant second at 58 million square feet.

What farms produce is also

changing. Wheat is still king, accounting for nearly a third of all field crops. But tough economic and weather conditions—including

POWER AND SIZE

Change between 1996 and 2005

	No. of farms	Size of farms
Canada	30.1%	11.2%
BC	-7.1	10.8
AB	-4.3	10.3
Sask.	-11.2	11.4
Man.	-3.8	12.8
Ont.	-11.5	10
Que.	-9.7	19.7
N.B.	-2.9	12.8
PEI	-9.8	18.2
P.E.	-3.9	8.4
Nfld.	-3.9	9.8

Source: Statistics Canada

years of another drought this year means that farmers are continuing to diversify. The newer field crops include oilseeds, peat

and lentils. Farmers are also raising more livestock. Soaring export demand coupled with a drop of U.S. import duties—in addition to new U.S. crop and dairy subsidies—led to a one-quarter jump in the number of hogs farmed in Canada, now 13.2 million strong. The typical hog farm has 523 sows, and 60 per cent of the country's hogs are located in Ontario and Quebec.

The flip side of bigger farms is the growth of niche markets—the area dedicated to greenhouse production is up 4.8 per cent, while almost 48 per cent more goats are being raised. Environmentally friendly production are finally established. In the past decade, the amount of land needed using no till or conservation tillage methods to maintain erosion has doubled. Now 80 per cent of the land is cultivated this way. In that sense, farms are getting bigger—and perhaps better.

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Barbara Amiel

The new evil empire

In the 1970s when China and the former Soviet Union quarreled, Kremlin envoys argued that they never talked about their hostility directly and instead used the code word "Albania." If there was a particularly nasty flare-up, the Kremlin would talk darkly about "Albanian deviationists." Everyone knew that China only also won the Albanians, and so the game was on: Albania was to blame for everything.

When others took hold, Albania was put on the shelf and South Africa became the focus of all evil. I remember a particularly moving statement by then-sports minister Louis Capagnoli in which he declared that Canada's Olympic athletes would compete with Soviet-bloc athletes in the first trials of the Helsinki Accords, but compete between Canadian athletes and the evil South Africans was banned.

With the end of the USSR and the establishment of an apartheid-free South Africa, a vacancy for a new "Albanian" arose. And that was held. The winner was, you see, Israel and, by extension, the Jews of the diaspora. Our position as the chosen people was reinforced: we were chosen to represent evil.

Review the position of the United Nations and it's easy to see why. The UN plus most of its affiliated NGOs are at war with Israel. In the past 20 years, the Security Council and the General Assembly have passed dozens of resolutions directly against Israel and not a single resolution condemning an Arab nation, or one of Iraq. The recent General Assembly "Special Session on Children" had a lot of talk about the difficulties Palestinian children face from Israel but no mention of the problems caused Palestinian children by putting bomb factories and guerrilla groups in the middle of their homes. Using children as shields is a war crime but has only been raised by the UN, or human rights organizations such as Amnesty International, Oxfam or the International Red Cross, against Israel.

The International Red Cross is unspeakable: that highly politicized institution, having (rightly) allowed the Palestinian ambassadors to use the Red Crescent, has adamantly refused for the past 50 years to recognize the real Star of David on Israeli ambulances. That's because it denies Israel membership in the organization.

The most recent instances of Israel-as-Albania have come with the signing of the accord on Jesus and the acre of the Church of the Nazarene. Like in Europe and most of the world, Canada's press media did not subject readers to days of headlines about the great Jewish massacre by the hands—the massacre that never took place. Nor did they downplay the

claims of most of the world in re the culpability of the Palestinian terrorists who murdered the Church of the Nazarene and held it as an international hostage. But the world at large was indifferent to the genesis of the Israel military action.

The first night of Passover that year was March 27th. It was on that night that a terrorist bombing in Netanya killed 23 people and wounded 130. That outrage sparked the Israeli army's incursion into the West Bank. When Canada had two people kidnapped by the FLQ in 1976, Canada's government—on a particularly militaristic one—declared the War Measures Act and sent the tanks onto the streets of Montreal. If those same had been body-snapped the way Jews were, certain countries would have been bombarded.

In Russia, when Chechens and Russians fight over the same plots of land, the reaction of Moscow is brutal. When 42 people, including 17 children, died recently in the southern Russian Republic of Dagestan (next door to Chechnya) after a bomb was planted along a parade route, President Vladimir Putin called the terrorists "Nazis" and promised they would take the consequences. Those consequences are unlikely to make many waves in the UN or NGOs.

But like the NGOs and the UN, most media throughout the world when talking about terrorism in Israel adopt a come so different to that used when talking about terrorism anywhere else that you have to make the assumption a completely different standard is used. Israel is now the Orwellian Goldstein, a big figure for virtually every progressive special interest group regardless of its connection to Israel. But why?

The United Nations hates Israel and Jews because the UN is the club for and run by the Third World. The Third World, accompanied and Europe have Israel because Israel is the thriving heart of America and in their eyes America's symbol. Moreover, Israel is the only truly democratic country in the Middle East and a representative of the very Western idea that both individual choices and the quasi-Marxist and democratic division of the Third World depend. In addition, there is a genuine element of sympathy for the Palestinians in a conflict that has been going on over the same piece of land for most of the 20th and now into the 21st century.

Then, of course there is gross anti-Semitism. That virus is alive and kicking. Whether in U.S. columnist George Will's view, it may turn out to be stronger than the now-born state of Israel is hard to say, but on dark days, the odds don't look very good.

Israel and the Jews of the diaspora have replaced South Africa as the object of world condemnation

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Now think the Jewish lobby is too powerful.



is responsible for the preceding sidebar.

THE NEW SOLITUDES

BY JONATHON GALEHOUSE

The two sides are, standing in a more or less ordinary fashion, behind the small bimah. A rappeller of Israel steps up on the railing and slowly waves his arms, middle fingers extended, back and forth in the air. "Long live Palestine!" a young man shouts in response. No stones, no guns.

...and duelling placards, opposing flags and the kind of mass rival groups hurl across the divide when they know there are plenty of police to keep them apart.

upan eventually rise of the pane and
b apart. Those carrying the blue and
the emblem of a people who created
our country file to a nearby park to listen
speeches and sing joyful Hebrew folk
songs. Those waving the green, black,
white and red of a people still dismantling
or there, go to a designated protest spot
in the far fringes of the action. These days

is pretty much what passes for dialogue between Jews and Arabs in Canada.

"I never
March
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old. Mc
says the

h others. New salinities in a country seems to have far too many already

“I’m used to fuel scandal,” says Gil Tracy, walking with the crowd down the centre of Lévisque Boulevard, balancing his son on his shoulders, the 40-year-old McGill University history professor. In e-mails, phone calls and letters he

ed in response to an opinion piece the *Montreal Gazette* a year ago—entitled “Why I Am a Zionist” and expanded into a book—changed all that. Hateful words, religious slurs, etc.—he’s still so spooked he requires the names of his wife and children not to be in print.

Today, a native New Yorker who came to Israel 12 years ago, grew up in a family strongly believing in the Jewish state, parents both lived there for a while, talked about it at the dinner table, donated money to support it. When finished high school, Shay spent a year himself, working and travelling before starting his university studies.¹⁰ "To us it's not just an abstract notion," he says, "it's a very real place with very real people."

very real peace with very real people... we meet Jews in Canada," says. "It was a some of the Oslo peace process. He would usually take a trip to Jerusalem in January, 2000, when he crossed 200 Jews from Montreal on a "brightest tour sponsored by local Jewish organizations." "I raised the peace and prayer," he says. "We went to the Western Wall to pray. You could hear the mullahs in prayer and the church bells ringing in the Old City. It was perfect." Now he is back on the trip and wonders if his community will name to believe "that there is no real peace as much as did."

the term of the past 20 months—second intifada, the suicide bombings, harsh criticism Israel has come under from bodies like the United Nations for its growths—has galvanized Canada's 300,000 Jews, as no constituency leaders. As a result, there is a sense that all other options have been exhausted, and there is the answer. People who never involved themselves in the debates about the Jewish cause now believe its very existence is in question. "I think Jews in Canada have their hopes for peace shattered now," states Raphael, a Montreal rabbi who has two adult children living in Israel, "we're more unified than we ever been before. The last year and a half has resolved all political differences."

On this day, it's easy to believe those words. Thousands of people waving Canadian and Israeli flags (organizers claim 100,000, the media says less) are packed at Place du Canada, the scene of the referendum. "We love Quebec," oily oil-slicks of the 1995 referendum. Tattered flags from a statue of Sir John A. Mac-

donald, screening themselves home-leading charges of "Arabs—terrorists" and "Shame, Shame, Shame." "Stop Handcide Boobheads" reads one of the signs. "There will be peace with Arabs when they love their children more than they hate us," says another.

"The news brings me in tears so often it's incomprehensible," says Leah Moaveni of Montreal. Over her breakfast of black coffee and Belmont cigarettes at a sit-in ram on the Main, her dark eyes well up several times per talking about the plight of the Palestinian. Moaveni was born in Canada but grew up in an ardent Palestinian family. Her grandfather, a survivor, emigrated in 1967, but always looked back. In the 1970s, her dad helped organize Yasser Arafat's Canadian visit. Then the 27-year-old would become acute in the community himself, a student protest leader. "I grew up surrounded by relatives who would show me the keys to their houses in Palestine and talk about the orange groves they used to walk through," says Moaveni. "It's a political act not to give up. People are unwilling to forget. It's that kind of stubborn resilience. If she gave up, I'd grow weary with what it did."

She has tried to bridge the gap and failed. During her studies at McGill a few years ago, back in a time when peace seemed possible, Moaveni and a Jewish friend started a cross-cultural discussion group. It thrived for a while but eventually broke down, overwhelmed by clashing viewpoints and the qualms with the unacceptable answer. Now Moaveni is a fixture at pro-Palestinian demonstrations. Her sorrow and anger are fuelled by memories of a year spent working for UNICEF in a Beirut refugee camp, and visits to friends and family in the West Bank.

Traditionally, the Arab community in Canada—274,000 people according to the 1996 census, but surely larger now—has never been a haven of tolerance. There have been too many old grudges and all the divisions you might expect: political, religious, linguistic. In an ethnic group composed of 22 different nationalities, that too appears to have finally found a common cause in the horrors of the last 20 months. "People are sick and tired of this war. We're always running in circles and in the meantime innocent people are paying the price," says Moaveni.



Washing dishes outside bombings, Givatayim, Israel

Houleff, who immigrated to Canada from Lebanon in 1959 and now runs a public housing organization in Montreal. People from all the Arab communities are against the invasion. The reader calls it a cycle of violence, but it's like I'm hitting a three-year-old boy and blaming him."

Moaveni describes it more as a shared sense of helplessness and despair. "The feelings are real deep," she says. Lighting yet another candle, it's a burden the whole community carries. She talks about her own family, how the invasion is always raised to CNN, how holdings have been ruined by events in the Middle East, how she spends so much time thinking about the crisis that she often can't sleep. "It takes the way I look at the world," she says. "Everything is political. Sometimes I think, wouldn't it have been nice to grow up an Anglo-Saxon and not care about anything?"

Rob Seminoff is on the rise. Not just in the Middle East—where Seminoff is on the rise around the globe, says Dr. Ian Goldstein, his finger pointing index in the air. It's May and it's meeting in southern Manitoba, but the president of the Jewish Federation of Winnipeg is still eerily unfazed by the centrepiece in Israel. "It's causing a lot of anxiety in our community, because if it can happen there, it can happen here," he says. Goldstein talks about recent racial attacks in France, Britain, Ukraine and Tataria. The two synagogues in Canada— one in Saskatoon, one in Toronto—that have been set on fire this spring, though police have yet to declare either incident a hate crime. "What goes on in the Middle East affects what happens here," he says.

That's certainly the impression left by the annual audit of anti-Semitic incidents compiled by B'nai B'rith, the Jewish rights

group. Its 2001 report details 83 occurrences of vandalism and 203 cases of harassment against Jews in Canada—an increase of 35 per cent over five years. Graffiti and damaged in a cemetery in Ontario, "Kill Jews" left scrawled in a park in Montreal. "Quare Bin Ladens live" spray painted on the wall of a synagogue north of Toronto. Ruth Klein, the group's national director of advocacy, says 2002 is shaping up to be worse. "What's new about the threat and alarm is the content. In the past, people used to make reference to Hitler and other 'traditional' racist themes—now they talk about the Middle East."

David Matai, an immigration lawyer and human rights activist in Winnipeg, calls for the new anti-Semitism—old stereotypes and beliefs wrapped up in a profound opposition to Israel and its policies toward the Palestinians. The source, he and others in the Jewish community say, is the Arab world. "They tend to feel inferior and they attack Israel and the Jewish community through rhetoric," he says. "There is a direct link between this anti-Zionism, rhetoric and attacks on the Jewish community worldwide." That has had an affected world organizations like the United Nations, says Matai, who participated in last year's World Conference Against Racism in Durban, South Africa, an event discredited by charges of anti-Semitism and discrimination toward the Palestinians.

"There is a clear double standard—saying that Israel does that, the least bit wrong creates an immediate suspect of intention and gravity," Matai says.

The recipient at the suburban Toronto headquarters of the Canadian Arab Federation plays the violin well left the night before over the speakerphone. "When you Arabs die, I smile," says the minstrel, the

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Canada and the World

*Even as Israeli troops again sweep through Palestinian territories last week, there were reminders of change in Israel and the West Bank. Prime Minister Ariel Sharon acknowledged that the creation of a Palestinian state was "very possible," although he called for changes to Israel. Arafat's Palestinian Authority before any negotiations could begin. Arafat is now presented before us, enclosing election results, our members—as long as Israel respects their elected representation. But both leaders face bitter Shabab Lekh party has passed a motion opposing the creation of a Palestinian state, while radical Palestinians have warned Arafat not to make any concessions to Israel. Various foreign correspondents from *Frontline*, currently the cornerstone of *Radio Canada*'s weekly documentary TV program *Zone Libre*, recently visited the region. This report.*

BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS LÉPINE

Sister Shabab and Gideon Levy have something in common—they're both daring journalists without whom we would know a lot less about the conflict between Palestinians and Israelis. They also have another point in common, they are exceptions in their own societies.

Sister Shabab is a camerawoman working for the CBC in the occupied territories. During the Defense Shield operation launched by the Israelis in the major cities of the West Bank at the end of March, Sister was locked up in her home in Ramallah, like everybody else. But he managed to record it, almost every day, to take pictures of the fighting. Without such courageous Palestinian journalists, we would have seen nothing of what was going on because foreign news crews and journalists based in Jerusalem were rarely able to get into the territories.

Gideon Levy is a well-known Israeli journalist. He works for *Haaretz*, one of Israel's most sophisticated daily newspapers. Levy is among the few Israeli journalists who dare to report inside the territories, because he thinks it is important to see for himself the real situation there. Since the beginning of the second intifada in September, 2000, most Israeli journalists, citing security reasons, have refused to cross the Green Line, the border of Israel, to venture into the territories. Even when they try, Israeli soldiers stop them at the

checkpoints. But, Levy says, "I think they could have reported much more than they did, and it's only partly because of physical difficulties. Partly it is because neither the Israeli press nor the Israeli public is interested right now in what is happening to the Palestinians. And this I find tragic."

For more than a year, as the fighting has increased, a huge rift has been created between two societies who had started, for a brief period, to believe that a solution was at hand. With close to 500 Israelis and 1,500 Palestinians killed, the reason for this fallout is written in blood and suffering.

I ran into Shabab in Ramallah on April 11. The military curfew had just been lifted after three consecutive days of total confinement for the city of 40,000. Pal-

estinians, tell us what you want, and we will do it!" But graffiti covers Arafat's phone. "Wives in Hebrew characters, it says. "Name, name, I'm scared—the Israeli army is here!" Those who have written this graffiti are standing in the square—dozens of Israeli soldiers in full combat gear, with their tanks lined up. They are part of the huge military operation designed, in the words of the army chief of staff, to destroy the "infrastructure of Palestinian terrorism." For me, the scene is a shock, a year and a half ago, when I last visited Ramallah, the city was booming and peaceful Israelis were even coming here to shop.

Ortar Jayus is waiting for me in the al-Mazra Square. He runs a small NGO in Ramallah which is involved in promoting education and anti-violence. He offers to drive me around Ramallah to see the in-

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the second intifada began. Everything went wrong, says Yossi Belsky, one of the architects of the Oslo agreement and a finance minister in the government of former Israeli prime minister Ehud Barak, "because the situation on the ground didn't change for the Palestinians."

From 1993 to 2000, the number of Jewish settlers in the territories rose to more than 220,000 from 100,000. Increased security measures by them created more and more problems for Palestinians. The frustration helped lead to renewed violence and terror. "I think both sides didn't respect each other's sovereignty," says Belsky. The Palestinians didn't respect the Oslo articles with regard to investments and violence and the size of their security forces." After the assassination of Yitzhak Rabin in 1995, Belsky adds, "The Israelis

accepted, such as the return of all Palestinian refugees. "The whole process that started in Oslo was built on wrong beginnings," Ben-Arih writes in his 2001 book *What Failed for Israel*. "He always said that he would free Palestine with blood and fire. It is the Israelis and the Americans who were wrong to believe that he was ready to achieve a diplomatic arrangement."

Many Palestinians also believe the process was fundamentally flawed. Salih Abd al-Jawad, a political scientist at Ben-Zion University near Ramallah, publicly denounces the use of arms by the Palestinian side—a courageous stand in a society where dissent is not tolerated. When I reached him at home by phone during my stay in Ramallah he said it was Israeli actions that destroyed any chance of peace. "Sharon did whatever he could to create in-

we cannot live together anymore," Ben-Arih told me when I met him a month after the tragedy. "We have no settle on borders as soon as possible and split," he added. "We have to get out of there." Until that tragic evening, Ben-Arih thought that Israelis and Palestinians were destined to someday live in peace together.

A majority of Israelis now believe the only solution is to build a wall around the Palestinian territories and literally forget about who lives on the other side. Just before I left the region, the Israeli government announced it would spend more than \$150 million to build a huge, electronically monitored fence around parts of the West Bank in an attempt to stop the infiltration of suicide bombers into Israel.

But such a wall was built around the

LAND OF BLOOD AND SUFFERING

A veteran correspondent returns to the Middle East, and finds that hope has all but disappeared

country. Crowds of people had invaded the commercial district in search of food and basic supplies before another three days of curfew. Shabab, with whom I had visited a few times in the past, is a sort of hero here. During the first intifada, from 1987 to 1993, he was a well-known activist, a fighter who took to the streets to battle Israeli troops with rocks. He was arrested many times, and often badly beaten. Now people praise Shabab for a different form of courage: making his life to stand witness of the situation here to the rest of the world. He's not arrested and beaten up by the Israeli army any more—just shot at by soldiers who have orders not to allow journalists to stand in their way.

On the al-Mazra Square in the center of Ramallah, the traffic is jammed; people are eager to finish their shopping before the resumption of the curfew. On one side of the square, a huge billboard shows Yasser Arafat addressing a crowd. A statue in Arabic says, "Abu Amr [Arafat's name] de-

parted the mosque of el-Zaytuna in Ramallah, who had promised to end the Oslo process. At a break, we never achieved a permanent solution for the Palestinian problem."

Then came the Clinton initiative, in the summer of 2000, the US president convened both Arafat and Barak to meet at Camp David for an intense round of peace talks. What happened there and in the other round of negotiations that took place in the Egyptian town of Taba in January, 2001, is still open to interpretation.

What we know for sure is that a new and more intense wave of suicide bombings started in September, 2000. Arafat's own Fatah movement created the al-Aqsa Martyrs Brigades that claimed responsibility for the majority of the terror attacks since then. Shlomo Ben-Arih, a former finance minister in the Barak government, believes Arafat was never committed to a peaceful compromise and tried to undermine the negotiations process by tabling conditions he knew Israel would

nevertheless insist upon. Hoping that "it would force us to leave," Ben-Arih told me. "It would destroy the capacity for the Palestinian Authority to stop the violence, because a compromise would force him to discuss a peaceful solution. The Israelis should realize that the only way to stop the violence now is to go back to the golden age that we have experienced between 1993 and 2000."

But even for those who still believe in peace, the hope of going back to that golden age is fading. Oren Barzani who gave his name only as Roy recalled how, on the evening of March 9, he was working at the Cafe Marmont, a trendy bar just a few meters away from the official residence of the prime minister in Jerusalem, when something happened that changed his life. Dozens of young Israelis were enjoying drinks and conversation when a suicide bomber entered the bar. Eleven people died, 54 were wounded; their average age was 26. "I can understand why the Palestinians do this, but I understand also that

Gaza Strip, and anata have still originated there. Palestinians are desperate and have nothing to lose; their economy is in a shambles, with more than 50 per cent unemployment, while the government, the largest employer in the territories, has not been able to pay its employees for months. "We should have learned from history that no military solution can solve a national problem," says Ben-Arih. He now believes that neither Shimon nor Arafat can achieve a peaceful solution, and that only an international conference could bring about a regional settlement.

But how can you convince the two sides to take part in any peace process after such violence? The little mutual confidence that was created after Oslo has vanished, even among the most optimistic. Ben-Arih says, "I must remind you that things change very quickly in this region." The *Haaretz* journalist is back on the frontlines doing his job. As a Shabab, who can now freely leave his house in Ramallah. Small gains, even as the horizon continues.

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Photo: AP/Wide World

Photo: AP/Wide World



Photo: AP/Wide World



'France is reeling'

Chirac won—but the problems haven't gone away

BY BENOT AUBIN in Strasbourg

They have the wine, the bread and the pastries, and they know how to turn weird ingredients such as pig's trotter or ox tongue into memorable feasts, but the French really are the absolute champions of the world in the fine art of "bridging." That's what they call the practice of stretching a mid-week civil holiday into a long weekend. "This time, it is not a bridge, it is a full washout," chuckles André Blassel, a construction worker sipping a café-crème at a terrace near Stras-

bourg's medieval cathedral on May 8—VE day. Many French workers were able to convert that holiday, and then Ascension on May 9, into a long weekend that slowed much of this country of 60 million down to Sunday-nighting mode for five full days.

France ended the break—in region to compare after three weeks of a dangerous political rodeo that left most voters shattered, confused and frightened by what their country seemed to have become. In the two-halves presidential election, the flat on April 23, the second on May 5, French voters repudiated and destroyed their

socialist prime minister, flattered with an abusive and racist right-wing derangement, then massively demonstrated in the streets to protest, essentially against themselves, for letting the National Front's Jean-Marie Le Pen through in the second ballot.

Finally, they re-elected Jacques Chirac—a man of dubious ethics whom most wanted to dump in the first place—with an unprecedented majority. "Between a crook and a fascist, the choice was easy, although deplorable," says Samuel Klein, a Jewish schoolteacher in Strasbourg. And now all is well? "It has been an intense and tragic, fast-raging and scary ride," says Patrick Schmoll, a social psychologist at Université Marc-Bloch in Strasbourg. "And in the end, success prevailed."

"To a point. Yes, for two weeks Le Pen united much of France against himself. Horrible citizens demoralized across the



country. The result, from left to right, called the first-round success a disaster, a catastrophe, a nightmare. Newspapers, television, magazines analyzed Le Pen's platform, his promise to close the borders to immigration, to return illegal and legal immigrants to their countries, to pull

France out of the European Union, to drop the euro and re-establish the franc, not to mention the death penalty. Anti-Semitic remarks Le Pen has uttered (the Holocaust was "a dream of history"), his violent past against Arabs and other race-mixing arrivals—all were splashed across front pages.

If nothing else, Le Pen is an equal-opportunity bigot.

Despite all that, 5.5 million people—almost a fifth of those who voted, and about three-quarters of a million more than in the first round—cast their ballot for Le Pen. "There was an important gap between what we thought we were, and what we just discovered we actually are," says Schmoll. "Now we are taking it all in. France, at the moment, is reeling."

On the null of a building on rue Sellström, an old neighbourhood of Strasbourg with a significant Jewish population, a plaque commemorating the round, 59 years ago, of a local Jewish Committee and Resistance leader. "On this spot, on May 2, 1943, the Gestapo tortured and killed Georges Wodz." It made in Europe, there is no escaping history. Things that North American students learn about in a mere abstract, academic way are still vividly present here. Another plaque near the former central market marks where the synagogue of Strasbourg once stood; it was burned by the Nazis in 1940. A few blocks away another monument reminds passersby of the 1949 massacre of 2,000 Jews by Christian townpeople who accused them of spreading the plague. Strasbourg and Alsace, the northeastern French region for which it serves as capital, have themselves been a beauty of war on several occasions over the centuries, conquered alternately by the French or the Germans.

The last war that happened, in 1940, Alphonse Juade was there. "During the war, Alsace was not only occupied like the rest of France, it was Germanized and Naziified," he says. Juade was in the French army, injured in combat and when taken prisoner by the Germans. He was freed and sent home, but went into hiding before being drafted by the Waffen-SS. He fought the rest of the war in the French Resistance.

In spite of the existence of living memory in that brutal history, Alsace was one of the areas of France where support for Le Pen was well above the national average. But Juade, 82, a solid-looking former

scholar and author, says it would be a mistake to believe that all Le Pen supporters would also endorse a totalitarian, Nazi-style regime. "There is a definite, common anti-Semitic streak in the region—but that is all," he says. "And there are also racists and bigots who do not like Arabs or Muslims. Le Pen collected them vores. But these are only a fraction of his supporters."

Who were the rest? Alain Chaneil, the director of the respected school of journalism at Université Robert Schuman in Strasbourg, says Le Pen was able to capture "the voice of the dispossessed, the alienated, the frustrated and the disenchanted. His genius was to find ways to give a voice, his voice, to these voiceless others." Le Pen's social weapon was a word, a loaded word, a code word: *insecurité*.

Debunking *insecurité*, promising to fight *insecurité*, became the main theme of his campaign. It struck chords early on so much so that other parties, both left and right, jumped on the issue. Thus, Le Pen was not in control of the campaign agenda from the beginning. "In this country, only four households out of 10 read a newspaper—the others get their news on television," Chaneil says. "Cinemas, main building gangs of immigrant kids in so-called suburbs and cars burning in the night create great pictures. In the end we had a real collective psychosis over *insecurité*, and the media were in part to blame for that."

Over lunch at a ritzy on one of Strasbourg's numerous gastronomes-only streets, Schmoll also talks about *insecurité*. "It was a matter of genesis, because *insecurité* covers so many things," he says. Le Pen's plan, "Unemployment is over nine per cent, and 25 per cent of the workforce have unstable, part-time jobs—that's *insecurité*. Farmers, who have been their mainstays invaded by competition exports—*insecurité*. We know what we have behind, but we don't know what the European Union will come up with in terms of a social safety net in a decade from now. And there is the globalisation of markets, which already has several sectors of the economy. All that spells *insecurité* one way or another."

But, above all, *insecurité* became a code word for: unruly, date-violating, multiracial, in "difficult" suburbs.

For most visitors from North America, this part of Europe is a showcase of the best that man has done for himself on the planet. Here in Strasbourg, the home of the Euro-

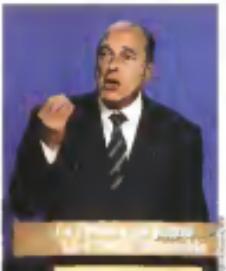
pean Parliament, neighbourhoods dating back to the Dark Ages are fully preserved but modernized. Shady new structures, making do with the sidewalk, with wide doors for bicycles and prams and panoramic floor-to-ceiling windows, zip by on six-lane arterials, or in speed lanes along major boulevards. In places like this we see how technology can be used to enhance beauty and livability rather than destroy them, as is often the case in large Canadian and American cities.

But there is one Ménesthy, the suburbs, Swiss-style structures dominated by "mod-est" Élan sportif architecture in the post-war era. They are for the most part self-contained, inward-looking ensembles of modern medium-height apartment blocks, social housing surrounded by lawns, linked by a maze of parking lots, narrow alleys and lawn-sown patches of grass. Some are already deteriorating. The French call these suburbs the *out*. Those who live there call them the *Zones*. One thing young "young" like to do is to eat cheap cars, payoffs for an hour or two, then burn them. They did that 1,200 times last year in Strasbourg, a city of 350,000.

When cops are called to one of the *Zones*, usually to go there to cut two or to evict, while the (bad) workers over the Rondeau: "I lived in one of those places for a couple of years, after a bad divorce had left me almost penniless," one local juge-audi says. "But this is not the *out*; I had only one thought: get out. Those who are there are those who are unable to get out. These are heartless, soulless places, nothing good can happen there."

France juries, in far-enough, fan-calling, keep-on-screwing. He is also Strasbourg's top cop. Last year, he was named special adviser to Mayor Fabrice Kieffer, with special powers to try to instigate security in the *university* *Zones* of the Strasbourg area. "It is not the French here, not yet, but we must work so that the situation does not deteriorate," he says, driving through the city of Haussmann just outside Strasbourg. "You don't find gangs, or serious organised crime in the southern cities like Toulouse or Marseille. Here they are mostly old youth looking for刺激. They like to make noise on their scooters to scare other citizens, show off, mess up city buses, smash cars, or raid stores in groups."

That, and do in doope, mid-neighbouring turf and burn out, juge-audi says the



The president has called for national unity

problem is more than just one of law enforcement. "It is an economic problem, a cultural and social problem."

The soughest, meanest *Zone* in the Strasbourg area is Neuilly-Juvels, a cog to exert, in the office of Peppole Jardine, the region's executive representative, in a former bourgeois mansion, surrounded by a walled garden, in the middle of the slum area. This is where the poorest immigrants live, where the most recent arrivals live. "We have demolished some buildings, we want to lower the density of the population," Jardine says. "Urbanists are redesigning the area to make it more liveable. We are bringing the town line to here. After the war, places like this looked like progress, because people could find lodgings with little and running water." The place does not realize at the time that people were being picked up like rabbits without services, alienated, even without schools. People here are lost, homeless, they tell us all the time how much they must have, how sad they are. We are working hard to find ways to help them integrate.

Help them integrate. In France, that is a novel idea. Unlike Canada, France does not keep track of the cultural or geographical origins of its citizens. "Once you have your papers you are French, and that is that," Jardine says. The reality does may be more than 10 million second-generation citizens of North African descent in the country, and no one has paid much attention to how they are faring, economically, socially, culturally.

Sometimes it becomes obvious. Last October, a friendly soccer match pitted Algerian national teams against France at the Stade de France in Paris. The capacity

crowd roundly roared for Algeria, boozed *Le Mendès*, insulted French dignitaries and peleted not police with food and garbage.

In with a long-term succession—and three wild wind at the *front* side. "It's a good thing that Le Pen won on the first ballot, because that forced everyone to admit there is a problem in France," says Moustapha El Housni of the *Association des révolutionnaires de l'Assemblée*, which represents westerners from the Maghreb, or northwest Africa. "There is now a whole generation of children of immigrants coming into adulthood who have not been integrated at all into the mainstream. In theory, these children are French citizens—in reality they are still seen as immigrants, as outsiders. They do not like their life, so that creates social problems. But how does the rest of France react to that? By hating them in attitude."

On the night of his re-election, Chirac made a solemn appeal to the nation to pull together. "National identity and symbols have never been as strong," says Schadell. "They were viewed as a concern for the conservative right. But now, many people are seriously reconsidering." Small wonder. Regionalist movements in Alsace, Brittany and the south of France are demanding more power. Separatists are making progress in Corsica. Islam is now the second religion in France. Immigration in the suburbs have imposed their political culture in France (unless the name is name of anti-Semitic strident, most of them arriving via Madagasca or North African origin). Defunct, fractured, disenchanted, they call the white, Catholic French "the Gauls."

But... That is the night of May 5, after a peace demonstration celebrating Le Pen's win had peaked out in the heart of Strasbourg, a group of young people of North African descent started partying in the middle of the vast square, drinking beer, smoking joints, playing instruments and singing songs. A young woman was asked what the lyrics to one song meant. "I don't know," she said. "They used to be singing in Arabic." She herself, the explained, was Becker. Also on hand were members of the CDR, France's notoriously rough not police, who had come for the demonstration. They soon left. The kids kept partying. The place, the night was tame.

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High-tech safety

Preventing friendly fire accidents costs big bucks

BY JOHN GEDDES in Ottawa

How could it happen? That's the question Canadian and U.S. paratroopers are asking monthly from their beds in Afghanistan, most of them answer. Few details emerged in the interim report of the Canadian inquiry released last week; the final version is slated to be delivered in late June. But an even bigger question looms: what's being done to prevent similar tragic accidents in future conflicts? Military officers admit the next big step is equipping Canadian ground troops with technology to keep them from blasting away at their own side is "on hold." As for avoiding anti-aircraft missiles of the sort that led a U.S. pilot to shoot down Canadian expert says technology sophisticated enough to do the job is still far from being commonplace on the battlefield.

Senior officers say the public's image of high-tech warfare where troop deployment are precisely tracked on computer screens is still largely a fiction. "People have a tendency to think that the technology is more advanced than it actually is because of video games," scoffed one. In real combat zones, military planners say it will be many years before Canadian battle groups, or the forces of their NATO allies, routinely use command-and-control systems that would, say, let a fighter pilot flying at night glance at an illuminated electronic map and see the placement of friendly forces. Systems like that are the ultimate goal, but getting there will occur by slow steps.

Lt.-Col. Luc Pen works in the division of the Canadian Forces that studies the latest military hardware and decides what the army should seek to buy. He says the 1991 Gulf War, in which 35 of 148 U.S. deaths were attributed to friendly fire, was "one of the drivers within NATO" toward finding new ways to avoid such deadly blunders. A three-stage

strategy for "combat identification" evolved in the 1990s first, and is easier for soldiers on foot to identify comrades in the dark, around, allow combat vehicles like tanks to recognize each other at a distance; third, link together communications systems to continuously keep track of where all friendly forces are in a combat zone.

The first stage of outfitting soldiers with devices designed to prevent them from shooting each other at night is now being used by Canadians for the first time in Afghanistan. NATO set the specifications for the new device about five years ago. They are infrared乍urkars, typically mounted on the back of a soldier's helmet, and powered by a small battery. The markers are invisible to the naked eye, but seen through a night-vision telescope or goggles, they appear as a bright light—a warning not to pull the trigger. "We bought enough

to do it in Afghanistan in a Coyote armoured vehicle



for the troops we have in Afghanistan," said Pen. "But before Afghanistan we had not bought large stocks of this equipment, because it costs money."

Cost has been a big factor in delaying the next level of combat identification in Canada and the U.S. NATO has approved a system to keep armoured vehicles from firing on each other, and Canada signed on to the program in June 2000. The aim is to equip vehicles with what are called "identification friend or foe" communication devices. A tank could fire on an unidentified personnel carrier, for example, would hear a precise signal at it. If that vehicle was on the same side, it would automatically fire back a coded reply—and a terrible mistake would be averted.

But Canada has lagged at the \$150-million-plus price tag for outfitting land forces with the system. One reason: concern over delays in the U.S. version of the program—a big problem since "interoperability" between Canadian and U.S. forces is considered essential. Penit says the program is now "on hold," and likely can't be put into the field before 2008 or 2010. And even if it is eventually implemented, the vehicle-to-vehicle option wouldn't link ground and air forces. That breakthrough

will have to wait for the first stage of NATO's vision for avoiding friendly fire. The concept, explains Capt. Terry Rao, the Canadian officer who has been looking closely at the next development, is for ground troops carrying global positioning devices to beam their locations back continuously into a "situation awareness system." From there, Rao says, "you'd transmit back to a pilot, who has a map that shows the ground position of all the friendly troops."

But putting that dream system into combat zones, he cautions, is many years away. Some elements are being used only in parts of the U.S. military. And funding problems are compounded by what one officer calls "increased skepticism" that other nations will want to buy and air forces need the sort of collaboration that will be essential to merge their computer and communications systems. In all, it seems clear it will be a long time before systems to shield soldiers from friendly fire will start to catch up to the high-tech ingenuity used for attacking an enemy. ■

NO LONGER 'McJOBS'

Atlantic call centres are spreading—upmarket

BY JOHN DEMONT

The delivery is flawless, formal but with just the right hint of happy-to-have-your-business cheerfulness. "Good morning. The Fairmont San Jose reserves now," the black-clad call centre agent yells into his headset. "My name is Matthew. How may I help you?" To the next caller he's Matthew the reservations clerk at Cheesecake Lake Louise. A couple of minutes later, he's Matthew behind the reservations desk at New York's legendary Plaza, another property managed by the Canadian-owned Fairmont Hotels & Resorts Int'l. chain. No one on the other end seems to realize they're actually talking to Matthew Elias, 22, from my Belliveau, N.B. Or that he happens to be working in a usefully coloured cubicle inside a converted grocery store on the outskirts of Moncton, even as the owners that the business moved from Seattle get a king-sized bill when he checks out his room in Slocan Valley. Matthew, whenever he pronounces the string, is a master of flattery: when asked what the weather is like a comment away, he usually calls up San Jose's forecast on his computer screen, thinking it's owed to the caller like he's looking out the window onto California's sunlight rather than a sodden New Brunswick sky.

Few callers really care where Matthew is as long as there's a nice room waiting when they arrive at their destination. Which is precisely why Fairmont's 300-person global reservation centre now sits on the outskirts of a small, out-of-the-way Maritime city. Moving its reservation operations from Phoenix, Ariz., to New Brunswick in 1995 gave the chain access to the cheap, plentiful labour, top-of-the-line

telecommunications technology and benign real estate, all with an extra dividend from the low Canadian dollar.

Throw in a provincial government happy to provide financial incentives to make relocators more enticing and it's clear why New Brunswick's call centre industry is booming. With a workforce of 16,000, it now employs more people than the province's traditional forestry sector. Moreover, New Brunswick's success is proving contagious: throughout the job-hungry regions Nova Scotia now has more than 12,000 call centre workers, Newfoundland another 4,500 and even tiny Prince Edward Island over 1,700. "The sky is the limit," declares Frank McKenna who, while New Brunswick's premier, personally ignited the call centre explosion a decade ago. "This industry could double in size and still not be anywhere near saturation."

A boom sometimes going carried away with itself? Not necessarily. Offshore energy may get all the headlines, but the expansion of the call centre sector is one of the region's biggest engines of growth. Cheesecake went up across New Brunswick in 1991 when Federal Express Canada and two other firms created 270 jobs by opening the first call centre. But compare that with the 1,100 people United Parcel Service Canada Ltd. now has manning the desks in Moncton and Fredericton, the 1,100 EDS Canada Inc. employees working in Sydney and, soon, Port Hawkesbury, N.S., and the 2,500 full-time George's Customer Management Canada Inc. has on line in Dartmouth and New Glasgow, N.S.

Critics may complain that those are "McJobs" which relegate the soul and



How may I help you... and where? Fairmont's call centre in Moncton covers the globe

daughters of good fishermen and listen to the status of lowly telephone operators serving field crews while supervisors listen in to monitor their performance. But rats to the mother who can earn \$25,000 as a starting salary and enjoy a decent benefits package without leaving her rural village. Or take a manager far away in the Alberta prairie who can earn up to \$39,000 in his Maritime home province. "They take subsupervisors for *Businesstel* and *Steph Orient Dyer* and support Franklin Corp. Corp., a U.S. outfit that sells office products and recreational equipment and software. 'This is a level of the Net operation,' says Jim Parsons, vice-president of business process management at EDS Canada. 'We do very complex processes for some of the biggest companies in the world, we do them extremely well and we do them right here in Cape Breton.'

A city like Sydney, which has seen the area's last coal mine and coal mill close, is happy to have the work. EDS's local payroll runs about \$19 million yearly, with 900 workers every government in the region has large squads of pitchers encouraging the continent angling for new business. The industry, moreover, is moving operations. Nobody wants the old-style operations—dealing with sweepstakes filled with party pad workers trying to peddle vacuum cleaners, the latest credit cards, and time-shares in Florida over the telephone. "If they want to come here that's great," says Norm Bentz, minister in charge of Business, New Brunswick. "But we're in no way supporting out-of-bound calls."

He, like so many others in the business, eschews the old "call centers" handle shoddy, preferring to label them "customer contact centers," which is meant to reflect the shift in the industry. Nowadays, upwards of 75 per cent of the centers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are "outsourced" operations, which receive information over the phone, through e-mail and via the Web, rather than make outgoing sales-marketing calls. From their desks throughout Atlantic Canada, agents handle and advise insurance, schedule courier pickups, process buy and sell orders for mutual funds or stocks, and provide technical assistance to customers of some of the globe's largest computer, software and communications groups.

EDS, which answered its first Sydney call in 2000, is a case in point. Like many of the newcomers to the Atlantic sector, it makes money by "outsourcing"—offering an specific customer service function for corporations, governments and agencies from across the continent. From inside its \$14-million Sydney building, some 500 people service U.S. telecom giant AT&T Corp's customers and provide technical support

for all of Hewlett-Packard Co. products. They take subsupervisors for *Businesstel* and *Steph Orient Dyer* and support Franklin Corp. Corp., a U.S. outfit that sells office products and recreational equipment and software. "This is a level of the Net operation," says Jim Parsons, vice-president of business process management at EDS Canada. "We do very complex processes for some of the biggest companies in the world, we do them extremely well and we do them right here in Cape Breton."

A city like Sydney, which has seen the area's last coal mine and coal mill close, is happy to have the work. EDS's local payroll runs about \$19 million yearly, with



Parsons is glad to have her 'outsourcing' job in EDS's customer brokerage section

another \$9 million due to be injected into the economy around Pictou Harbour, 100 km away. Hopefully, the bottom line is a becoming spectacular. In New Brunswick, for example, the customer contact industry now contributes \$1 billion yearly to the provincial economy.

The impact can be especially intense in smaller, rural towns that have been dying throughout Atlantic Canada due to the decline in traditional livelihoods like fishing, farming and forestry. "Anything that gives our young people reason to stay around is a good thing," declares Audrey Thompson, council chairwoman for O'Leary, PEI, a farming community just minutes from where Help Desk Now Inc., a North Carolina-based networking company, is set to open a new 100 job customer support centre this spring. The wave of the future could be Virtual-Agent Services, which is spreading small chains

of telephone agents throughout New Brunswick and connecting them through a single "virtual" call center. So far, VAS has started clusters with 50-100 jobs apiece in its small communities. Eventually, it plans to open another 10 to handle calls for catalog companies, airlines, insurance departments and any other organization that need a service centre but lacks the volume to justify building their own.

The success of a regional industrial development policy built around even more call centre jobs gives some observers the willies. "It makes the Maritimes look like some kind of business hellhole," complains Tim Carroll, a business professor at the University of Prince Edward Island. "That makes us vulnerable for every tycoon who wants to use a dime." True, the wide variety of government incentives—everything from agri-food training and capital outlays to tax rebates based on a percentage of a new payroll—does always pay off. In April, Mirica Worldwide, which received \$1.8 million in payroll rebates from the Nova Scotia government, laid off 199 and transferred 70 more from its Halifax centre after losing an outsourcing contract from a smaller television firm. The government, though, maintains they are getting paid back for their risk. Moreover, with every province in the country—with as well as other English-speaking nations—is for many years—scrabbling for call centre business, the only choice is to offer some kind of incentive, says David MacNeil, manager of investment for Nova Scotia Business Inc. "If you don't play you're out of the game."

All the same, there's a touch of nervousness about what will happen as some of the incentive packages linked in the mid-1990s begin to expire this year. The call centre companies themselves say they are up against where it makes business sense, not where the government is most willing to sweeten the pot. "We'll be very poor businessmen if we甜ened this much here all the time," says Parsons. "This is a long-term commitment." Low-cost Atlantic Canada, after all, continues to offer plenty of Atlantic, Aussie work force at a high on the list of attractiveness in the United States, where such jobs are plentiful, call centres normally undergo a 120 per cent turnover each year. In Atlantic Canada, where job security still counts for a lot, the norm is a 30 per cent over. With time, though, such loyalty is likely to diminish. That is, as long as the customer service centres keep calling.



Donald Cox

Reasons to disbelieve

Steve Lebold is one of America's most respected investment managers. He has a huge following for his monthly newsletter, *Principles for the Professional*. In his latest issue, he expresses frustration at the performance of the U.S. stock market. He notes that in December, he predicted a roaring U.S. economic recovery, on the order of five per cent real GDP growth in the first quarter. At that point, few economists were even convinced the recession had ended, and nobody was predicting five per cent growth.

Last month, Washington announced a first-quarter growth rate of 5.8 per cent. "I get that absolutely right," says Lebold. However, on the basis of his prediction of a sustained economic recovery, he also predicted a roaring stock market. "I get that absolutely wrong," he admits.

Why? He rejects the theory of certain Wall Street's padding—disappointing profit growth, concerns about a double dip recession, the Middle East, etc. For him, the problem is the 2002 bear market of confidence in the strength of business.

Steve is one of something important: Equity investment is a fifth-wheel narrative. To take money out of the stock or money market fund and put it into a stock that pays no—or modest—dividends, you have to believe that the management of that company can grow your wealth because their interests and yours are aligned. You know there are many risks in the economy and the stock market, and you know you can lose big even when management is honest and hard-working. But you assume those risks, because you believe the economic system can create capital as it did in the 1990s, and you want to share in its proceeds.

That faith has been shaken. First came the swoon-filled frenzy of the technology stock mania, followed by a collapse of 1929 proportions. If the stock market is a natural means of wealth accumulation, how could it behave so unnaturally?

Now came revelations that insiders of the big tech companies had made billions of dollars through exercising stock options and selling their shares. Some of those top executives, we learned, were selling stock options and employees that things had never been better for their companies while they sold out quantities of stock. An indication of the scale of stock option profits for insiders came when California asserted that it faced a budget crisis. The government noted that in 2000, California taxpayers had reported US\$305 billion in stock option and capital gain profits, which allowed the state to run a surplus. Now, the yield for California is a mere drizzle. That \$305 billion—\$85 billion of it purely due to stock options—is far

more than the total earnings of U.S. technology companies.

Then came Enron, with its fraud in agriculture. Among those who were revelations about the firms accountants, Arthur Andersen. Soon that audited accounting firm was joining an client in financial collapse and criminal proceedings. (Morton's Mark is displaying a new billboard in downtown Chicago: above a picture of a bottle of bourbon whiskey is the line, "Disappear faster than a Big Five accounting firm." Chicago, by the way, is Andersen's headquarters. The new firm for the remaining accounting firm is "The Final Four," a term borrowed from the Team Madness of college basketball.)

Then came charges from New York's attorney general that Merrill Lynch analysts had heavily touted tech stocks to their clients, even when they concluded such companies were "crappy." (Crappy, it seems, was a favoured e-mail description.) Reason: the investment banking department of Merrill either had the firms in clients or was seeking their business. Merrill squeezed out one analyst who had told clients *Aeromarine* was overpriced, replacing him with one who predicted the stock was headed for \$400 a share. Merrill in generally considered the greatest retail brokerage firm in the world, and its stock has been hammered.

So have shares of other leading U.S. investment banks. Few people seem to believe that other firms were significantly more scrupulous about separating the work of their investment research and underwriting departments during the tech mania. The other firms say they really believed the enthusiastic "buy" stories their analysts dispensed. Possibly. There are two conditions Wall Street was dominated by knows who got unfairly rich from their knowledge, or Wall Street was dominated by fools who got unfairly rich from their foolishness.

I addressed these issues in speaking to a large crowd last week at the annual convention of the Association for Investment Management and Research, the international professional body of financial analysts. What makes a professional? A person who has acquired, through lengthy study, a body of knowledge which includes, at its core, a set of disciplines. These disciplines were jettisoned wholesale during the tech mania, and the profession, I find, will pay dearly for acquiescing in branches of duty to clients.

Nobody challenged me. Maybe the bear market in ethics will end soon.

Donald Cox is chairman of Elmer Investment Management in Chicago and of Torrance-based Jaret Hershon Investments.

Holocaust haven

Shanghai provided safety for some 20,000 Jews

BY ROBERT SHEPPARD

Even by the cruel standards of the 20th century, it's been an improbable journey from Old World Vienna to the seedy battle of Japanese-occupied Shanghai in the '30s and '40s, to the cowering hub of an industrial mall in suburban Markham, Ont. And oddly, for someone whose life has been cast like driftwood upon three continents, Eric Goldstein has almost nothing, but fond memories of Scrapsbooks of them, in fact.

The most recent, from his fifth birthday in November, tell the Canadians story: a growing family, cottage life and six vacations, and a successful business that began by, of all things, importing cashmere cloaks. The photos from the early Austrian years are steeped in general buoyancy. Life was good until the Nazis arrived and invaded the family state in an orgy of mass hatred. But it is that middle set, from the China period, that fairly jumps off the page.

Partly this is because



Goldstein as a 25-year-old

shaded Chinese dinner, when running factories, opera clubs or Vienna-style coffee houses, until Mao Zedong's Communists took power in 1949 and scattered them again to the whims of an unfriendly world.

Oddly, 50-some years later, the world is suddenly paying attention. Books, films, exhibits—one record Canada last year, another arriving by Canadian trio of Jewish and Chinese descent, opens May 30 at the Chinese Cultural Centre of Greater Toronto—are probing the history of the Shanghai Jews. A memoir when East met West in a most unusual way “For my parents this was a very difficult time,” Goldstein recalls. “We left Europe with \$10 U.S. each. That's all we were allowed. And even in those days, \$10 didn't go very far. But when you're 17, you take these things differently. For me, it was a tremendous adventure.”

It was an adventure that allowed him to discover about the city, during odd jobs, selling cosmetics, hearing classes in a rented garage. He met his future wife, Jeanne, there—and learning enough Chinese and Japanese, he says, “to get by.” But it was also an adventure pushed against a world gone mad.

By 1939, when the last big wave of Jewish immigrants arrived, Shanghai was a city under siege. Already divided into the French and International quarters, it was soon to be in the mercy of the Imperial Japanese Army, then it was with China. But was, at least the European variety, also seemed far away. Newspaper clippings from the time described bewilderment of converts put on by the Hungarian Jewish Army's Society and many schemes to popularize half-drowned islands in the Philippines. Japanese authorities presided over the openings of Jewish hospitals and cultural centres, unless until May, 1943, when they fired all the “Stateless refugees” into the



Shanghai, some of whom now live in Canada, converted into apartments above stores

Hawking dinner, where the Goldsteins had been living since they arrived. But even though this period ushered in new hardships—war from international Jewish organizations was cut off and people like Goldstein needed passes to work in the rest of the city—the Japanese, Hitler's allies, were curiously amiable towards Jews, as Susan Moller found out first-hand.

In December 1941, Simon Fuchs the was then, a 15-year-old schoolboy from Vienna, was out for a Sunday stroll with a friend—it was like going to the mall, she says now. Suddenly, armed Japanese guards popped up all the meat counters and she was cut off from home in Hongkew. With all the confidence of a teenager, she and her friend trudged down the Japanese commander in his hand when, to their surprise, they were invited for lunch. He gave them a card with his signature and their names

on it and was extremely friendly. “Simon daddy,” Moller recalls. Of course, he knew—but they didn't—about the stock market morning on Pearl Harbor.

Moller, 75, no longer has that pass card, but in the basement of her north Toronto bungalow is a jar full of Ayling, Ont., a gift from an aid group during the war on which she painted a Chinese scene: “Glimpse from Canada,” she recalls, marveling at its survival. It seemed to outlasting. Though this period was not Canada's finest hour.

After the war, Moller and her then husband boarded a rickety ship to San Francisco with a work visa for Brazil. But they also had a letter of invitation from a doctor who arrived in Ontario and they headed north instead, trying on to become citizens after a extended wait. The Goldsteins also arrived in 1948, but almost on sailience. They were part of a group of 300 Austrian Jews

from Shanghai who were brought to Vancouver by international aid groups on the understanding they would wait for U.S. quotas to open up. Within about two years, most had moved on, but at least a hundred found reaching out from flames that are almost past—like at the margins—the art is both testament and indictment.

As former U.S. museum and Hangzhou graduate Michael Blumenthal said recently, the experience can be seen at “a mere footnote in the terrible history of selective survival.” Or else, he suggested, as “a school for life.” Eric Goldstein would lean toward the latter. He has been back to China several times on business, in his one of his sons—and he can Chinese food almost every day for lunch. “One of my best friends Chinese,” he says. “And you know, I've never heard a Chinese person say ‘that didn't Jews’ or anything anti-Semitic. Never.” He's very adamant on that point.



PAIN AND ITS MYSTERIES

Genetic and psychological factors help determine how well we withstand it

BY MARNI JACKSON

I was riding a bike in the Rockies, near Banff, when a bee flew into my mouth, and I felt a sharp, searing pain lance of pain, like a splinter of glass. Right away, I noticed, this sensation began to spread a nerve, it wasn't just here, but that the bee had crawled into me. I was the song as punishment for biking "the wrong way"—distracted, churning along too fast, paying with open mouth. I had not been paying attention. Then pain had come along and ruined the morning, clear of small decisions.

The next day, apart from having lousy Angelina Jolie lips, I was back to normal. Unlike the chronic ache of arthrosis or the lightning stab of migrainous mania, a bee sting is a wonderfully acute, finite form of pain. But the experience had nevertheless raised a swarm of questions about the mysterious nature of pain, and our relationship to it. For instance, why do we still talk about normal pain versus physical

pain, when pain is always an emotional experience? How has it come about that something so universal seems so poorly understood, especially in an age of relentless self-exploration? And why hasn't anyone noticed the embarrassing fact that science is about to claim a human being, but still can't name the pain of a bad headache?

The U.S. National Pain Foundation says more than four out of 10 American adults experience pain every day. The situation is likely much the same in Canada. North Americans consume four tons of ASA a year, while chronic pain is on the rise 30 percent as if pain itself is on our rise of analgesics. And it seems the more science learns how pain behaves (a quantum leap in the last 50 years), the less doctors want to do to treat it. To try to understand how we get ourselves in this pickle, I emboldened on a four-year journey that zigzagged between art and science, doctor and parent. I talked to pain experts, and people who have learned to live with chronic pain. I read monographs on the magnified portrait of

pain in Emily Dickinson's poetry or Virginia Woolf's novels with the latest MRI images of pain in the brain. I went back into the history of ideas about pain, where I encountered eccentric thinkers and intriguing human, and forward into the genetic research into pain—where, once again, I can't name the pain of a bad headache.

The inability to feel any pain at all is something that is unheard, imagine no hangovers, no sore pitching arm, no companion the dentist's chair that congenital analgesics (as it's known) name out to be both a masseuse and a life-threatening pest. Dr. Ron Melzack of McGill University and his British colleague, Dr. Patrick Wall—the two researchers whose "gate-control theory" revolutionized the way science now views pain—describe the consequences of a pain-free life in their classic study, *The Challenge of Pain*. One got with this condition suffered third-degree burns on her lower arm after climbing up on a hot radiator. And because there was no dis-

comfort to let her know when she should shift her weight or posture, she eventually developed an inflammation in her joints and died at the age of 29.

Another woman with congenital analgesia felt nothing but a "funny, odd, airy feeling" when she delivered the first of her two children. But one of the best known examples of this often inherited disorder was an American vaudeville performer in the 1920s, Edward H. Galsan, known as the Human Punchbowl. His act involved stretching 50 to 60 pounds on his body and then slowly removing them. It seems that for those born incapable of feeling pain, the easier options are narrow, and life is short. Be glad it hurts when you stub your toe, because pain plays a vital, protective role in our lives.

Congenital analgesia is at the far end of a wide spectrum of inherited pain disorders. Genetic factors are involved in 39 to 55 per cent of migraines, 55 per cent of menstrual pain, and half of the back pain population. Gender also has an influence, which will come as a surprise to no one. Men appear to suffer less pain, but require more pain relievers. There's no proof that women tolerate pain better than men, but they are three times more likely to suffer migraines, and six times more vulnerable to fibromyalgia. In a 1999 Gallup survey, 46 per cent of American women said they feel daily pain, compared to 37 per cent of men. And whether it's gene-related or otherwise induced, one in four women also reported that their first birth.

For a long time, people have accepted that there are wide variations in the way people respond to pain or to analgesics, but no one ever seriously considered attributing it to genetics, until now.

I was offing to Jeff Mogil, the first person in the world to put together training in psychology, genetics and pain. Mogil studied under psychologist and pain scientist pioneer John Lebeda in California. After post-doctoral training in genetics, he joined the faculty at the University of Illinois in 1996. In 2001, Mogil landed him up to McGill University, where Mogil has succeeded him as the E. B. Taylor professor of pain research in psychology. This suggests that the pedestal is swinging back toward science, because there was no dis-

comfort in a diabolical psychological interpretation of something that only happens to the body, as approaching it as an experience that is at once neural, emotional and deeply rooted in our cells and genes.

"Pain genetics is where all the action is now, but it was a really empty field when I moved into it," says Mogil, who is 35. "Nobody thought that pain had anything to do with genes. But then other people started working with knock-out rats, figuring out what happens when you remove this or that protein from a gene, and now knock-out mice are everywhere."

"Knockout mice" always sounded to me like something you could order by the dozen at 3.95, from an infomercial. The sex monkeys of science. These mice are bred to lack a particular gene, and the protein it produces. "Then you look for what's wrong with the knockout mouse when it doesn't have that protein say

Be glad it hurts when you stub your toe, because pain plays a vital role in our lives

more," and Mogil, "It's the basic technique in biological right now, and in pain research, too."

"It used to be that scientists didn't concern themselves with what sort of mouse they used in their studies," he added. But with knockout mice, "they discovered that the genetic background of the mouse was affecting their outcomes. I turned out that I was the only person paying attention to this sort of information."

When it comes to pain, he found, there is not such thing as a "universal pain." Pain sensitivity varies widely from strain to strain of rats and mice, Mogil also discovered that some mice are born either "blissfully unlucky"—both over-sensitive to pain and under-responsive to analgesics—or vice versa, the lucky ones who feel less pain and require less painkiller.

"But that's the thing about knockout mice: mean for humans," Mogil said, "is that it helps explain individual sensitivities to pain and to drugs, as well as the fact that while most people will recover from an injury, some five per cent won't. They'll go on to develop chronic pain. Obviously, the factors that determine this are both environmental and genetic, and it's very likely to mean these out. But if we know the some

people have a propensity to chronic pain, then we might be able to find ways to keep it from developing in the first place. And as we learn more about pharmacogenetics, we can target that overactive with more precision. It also means that people who complain about their pain aren't necessarily whiners—they may actually feel more than other people. I think personally as like mice, there's roughly half of that variability in pain response is due to their inherent genes."

Mogil has also studied the variety of ways people respond to painkillers. Indeed, the world seems to be divided into "responders" and "non-responders," since morphine is only successful with about 65 per cent of the population. This implies why pain doctors have to fiddle with a variety of pain medications before they get it right. Among Caucasians, about seven to 10 per cent are known as "poor metabolizers" who won't respond to medicine. They end up getting all the side

effects, but none of the pain relief.

I asked Mogil whether this news would encourage more magic-bullet thinking—the notion that we can simply turn on or off these "pain genes," knock them out, and throw away the Tylenol.

"Gone are the days like that," he replies. "Just as there is no one pain centre, there is no single pain gene that controls it. But it doesn't look like there's a thousand of them either. We're looking for a particular type of gene that exists in different forms that can be inherited—and of those genes, there are five to 10, maybe 20 tags."

But people are so eager to blame their genes for everything now, I said. Doesn't this new focus on the genetic aspect play a role in shaping our perception of pain?

"But that's the thing about knockout mice: mean for humans," Mogil said, "is that it helps explain individual sensitivities to pain and to drugs, as well as the fact that while most people will recover from an injury, some five per cent won't. They'll go on to develop chronic pain. Obviously, the factors that determine this are both environmental and genetic, and it's very likely to mean these out. But if we know the some

The Maclean's Excerpt

the periphery of the body in other words, sensory data travels up, "cortical" moves down. And for both Mogil and Melack, "everything is equally biological."

Melding neuroscience and psychology, Mogil (like Melack before him) seems to be describing culture not as something "out there," but embodied in the way the brain shapes our experience of pain. It's interesting, I said to Mogil, that he and Melack are both psychologists, sometimes seen as low men on the totem pole when the hard science boys get together.

"Pain is psychological," Mogil emphasized. "There's this neural activity going on, but it can always be trumped by culture, attitudes and behavior." Being a psychologist means we do work at a high level of variability in my area. Most scientists don't want to see variability in their results. They're looking for consistency. But if you're happy when I see messy data."

Then the two came back into the picture. It turns out that pain researchers will sometimes use bee venom to reduce what Ron



Global leading on pain in Vienna in 1925

Melack calls a "good, classic pain, the type we can learn a lot from." Although bee venom has a long list of active ingredients, the main toxin is a peptide called melittin. This can produce chemicals known as cytokines that play an important role in painkillers. (Look on beekeepers who have been stung repeatedly; here revealed

elevated levels of cytokines.) In fact, bee venom has been popular in treating the pain of arthritis for centuries, especially in Europe. Now it's also being tested as helpful therapy for sarcoidosis (conditions like multiple sclerosis), and a protective agent against X-radiation in cancer patients. The ultrasound-activated larvae for BMT (bee venom therapy) is you, and that's only one aspect of apitherapy, which uses everything from bee pollen, royal jelly and honey to the wax and venom to treat an array of disorders.

So my original assumption that a bee sting is a complicated thing was not exactly abasic. It turns out that everything involved in the orchestration of the event we call pain—the swelling, inflammation, redness, heat and intense irritation—may, under different, controlled circumstances, also offer pain relief. In other words, better pain treatment may not lean our efforts to suppress it or surgically excise it, but to a deeper understanding of how the body can use aspects of the pain process to promote healing and recovery. The answer to pain may lie inside pain itself.

As science looks beyond the role of pain as spasmone, an hidden narrative will continue to unfurl. If Jeff Mogil is right, 50 years from now we will look at pain quite differently. Tylenol tablets will soon as quaint to us as aspirin is toxic. Instead, we'll take our ID bracelet to the local pharmacist to order some bespoke analgesics, tailored to gender and genotype. Some of us may rise at 4 a.m. to medicate, and feel the niggles again pain highest. We'll carry gene cards that let our pharmacists predispose us to glucosidase, or topiramate and poor response to codeine.

Advances might be subtler, just as a character flaw is as "baschical deficit management." Medical schools will actually teach doctors about the way pain behaves, and how to treat it. Our emotional health will become an accepted factor of good health, and we'll know whether we're at risk for depression or rheumatoid arthritis in the same way we know that we're Scottish or bi-lingual. How we live with this new information, of course, will still be our choice. But we will understand that pain is a necessary battery in the body.

Space



NASA image shows how the robotic arm will lift the mobile base system into place

stay in place, that will be able to roll more than 100 m along the outside of the station when it is all completed in 2006. Once the first part is replaced, Canadarm2 will crawl off the spot where it has been stored since Canadian astronaut Chris Hadfield delivered it in April 2001, and onto the MBS. The whole package, resembling a carbon-fiber playing waist on wheels, will then be ready to move to various work sites in need of Canadarm2's lifting, holding and stretching skills.

The write problems, though, lie to the caused by a short circuit in Canadarm2's second major failure in its 14 months on the construction site. Engineers corrected a glitch in a computer chip in the arm's shoulder with new software last June. With the new software, NASA had to postpone Endeavour's launch to allow the astronauts time to train for the joint replacement. That raised the question of the spacewalk's current three-man crew, who will return on the Endeavour after more than five months' absence from earth. While unfortunate, problems are to be expected, says Chris Woodhead, director of space station programs at MD Robotics. "I wouldn't tell anyone that's not going to happen again."

Bear in mind what Canadarm2 has been through, says Woodhead. For more than a year, the complex device has endured temperatures of 200°C and back every 90 minutes as it drifts in and out of sunlight in microgravity. And, Woodhead notes, Canadarm2 has already seen more service hours in space than any of the four versions of the original Canadarm used on shuttle missions for 30 years.

Still, thank good news for backup. Throughout the last orbital debris, the crew aboard the space station have used Canadarm2's secondary control systems to keep the wrist moving. New software for the primary system is telling the arm's computer to ignore the wrist failure. Even if the backup goes on the fritz, astronauts could still run the arm by using a computerized transverser to compensate for going without one of the arm's seven joints. In Brampton, the engineers say they're ready. "It was seven days a week," says Woodhead, "for as many hours as the guys could handle." Now, the payoff comes well within the robotic arm's reach.

FIXING UP THE OLD JOINT

Canadarm2's broken wrist awaits surgery in space

BY DAVID YAHNELEK

It was a bad day at the aerospace office. Around 9 a.m. on March 5, NASA called Richard Berndt, a lead engineer for Canadarm2. There was a problem.

Less than an hour earlier, astronauts aboard the International Space Station had put the large Canadian-built robotic arm, an essential tool in the station's construction, through a dry run for an upcoming mission. And the break was in the wrist itself. When wood machined Berndt at MacDonald Dettwiler Space and Advanced Robotics Ltd. in Brampton, Ont.—the arm's constructor—he and a team of elite engineers put it back. The cause of the malfunctioning joint, they knew, could lie anywhere along the linky arm's 17-m

length. They worked fast. "Within about an hour and a half," recalls Berndt, "we said yeah, the problem's definitely right in the wrist—call joint."

That was the easy part. Now they have to fix it. That task, barring last-minute delays, began this week, when the shuttle Endeavour is to blast off from the Kennedy Space Center in Florida a month behind schedule with the 230-kilogram part needed for the joint replacement surgery. Also stowed in the shuttle's payload deck is the 15-day mission's the mobile base system (MBS), an aluminum framework bigger than two minivans packed side by side. An anchor for the arm, it will serve as a work platform and storage unit.

The crew will farm the MBS, also built

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Look by Roberts, the Leafs have come up big at awards time

A TRIUMPH OF SWEAT OVER STYLE

Like it or not, the injury-depleted Leafs have become Canada's team

BY JAMES DEAGON

They should play the theme music from *Body* when the Toronto Maple Leafs step onto the ice, and come or go from *True Grit*. Did the *Bad News Bears* have a soundcheck? Play that, too. The only Canadian team still bumbling through the NHL playoffs is one injury away of an embarrassing underdog. It stumbled and clawed past Ottawa in round one of the playoffs with seven regulation victories by 11 points, and a roster filled with amateur legacies, and now finds itself with only the Carolina Hurricanes standing in the way of a shot at the Stanley Cup. Through the mystery of team chemistry, it appears, the Leafs have become greater than the sum of their parts. "We're doing all the little things," says winger Alexander Mogilny. "And that's what you need to do to win."

It's been nine years since the last Cup memory this side of the border, and given their sorry woes, the Leafs were not the main fans expected to contend. Saku Koivu's inspirational comeback from cancer recurrence made the rejuvenated Montreal Canadiens a more popular choice, and they'll to Canada. The dethroning Vancouver Canucks were more exciting even while losing their first-round matchup with

Dallas. And Ottawa Senators, though initially boasting under coach Jacques Martin's playstyle, defense-first system, were more often than not bested by Toronto, which was missing, among others, top scorer Mats Sundin and top defenser Dany Heatley.

Plus, though, only counts on playday in hockey. Today, execution and heart decide things on the ice. The Leafs dropped the cheap-shot shenanigans that fueled their first-round series against the New York Islanders and have been sticking to deflators but still defense. Shayne Corson leads a corps of shot-blockers helping out goal-tender Curtis Joseph. Current All-Stars Mike Cammalleri and the fourth-line duo of Brad Bowness and Sundin are the top two. Eight call-ups from the St. John's Maple Leafs of the American Hockey League play enough shins to give the first-liners a breather. And everyone, even the defensemen Bryan McCabe and Toronto Kabib, and forwards Mogilny, McCaffrey and Gary Roberts, provide the offense.

Ahern is one of the few Leafs with a Stanley Cup ring. "That was in '89 with Calgary and I was only 23," he says, explaining the motivation for his hard-hitting play. "I thought I was going to get a lot of chances at this, but it didn't happen that way."

In college hoops-mad North Carolina, though a mill a Monday Thanko to the play-off excitement, though, the Canes are now attracting serious crowd cheering, a keepsake led by senior centre Ron Francis and the hot BBC Line—Rod Brind'Amour between Bam Banzai and rookie Eric Cole. Folks are buying jerseys and learning to appreciate the work of grinders along the boards. "When they lack in tradition, they make up in enthusiasm—which kill the Entertainment & Sports Arena in Raleigh as loud as any arena on earth. And since Carolina's lining up a healthier than Tommasi, the spark's still there along Tolman's Board room just by getting started. "This is big for the city of Raleigh," says Brind'Amour. "It's building a hockey market."

Tommasi fans hardly need stoking. It's easy to think what might happen if the Leafs ever seriously won a Cup, given that supports launch home-brewing, Yonge-Street-digging celebrations just for hearing Ottawa. They are starved—Toronto last won the Cup 35 years ago—and their hopes are fuelled by Leaf old-timers who say the current blue-collar ethic reminds them of their 1967 team when it upset Chicago and then Montreal. It's one thing to dream, but even Leaf fans know it's too soon to plan a parade. ■

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ROGERS



The visionary Galt MacDermot (above) and more pragmatic Pattenman started out in a tent, but their creation boasts four stages



BY JOHN BEMROSE

It was close to midnight when the hunch-backed tyrant Richard III, played by English star Alec Guinness, was finally slain, and Shakespeare's historical melodrama thundered to its conclusion. When Guinness and the rest of *Richard III*'s cast took their bows, they were met by a five-minute standing ovation that still talked about nearly half a century later. Not satisfied with applauding, many in the huge crowd that had seen the just-launched

Stratford Festival began in a tent, with even emulsion with an Canadian aboriginal Nathan Cohen, usually the country's most curmudgeonly critic. After rhapsodized that that July, 1953 debut was the single most memorable theatre experience he'd ever had. "The people in business men and the men in evening dress," he wrote, "the women in summer shorts and dresses and in gorgous evening gowns, were screaming from the bottom of their throats, in praise, in gratitude, it a delirium of joy. I don't know how many times I heard it out. 'That is going to put Stratford on the theatre map. We have finally come of age.'

For once the enthusiasts were right. Ninety-four entries from Canada, the US and England were in the tent that night, and they soon spread the news that something important was happening in the modest railway town of Stratford, Ont., a two-hour drive west of Toronto. In actual fact, many of them were cut off the production itself (they would prefer that first season other offering, Shakespeare's comedy, *All's Well That Ends Well*!). But they recognized the birth of a theatre that showed Canada could stage the classics—and particularly Shakespeare—in an own unique way, to the same high standards that applied in the world's cultural capitals.

Five decades later, a vastly expanded Stratford Festival is about to launch its



50th anniversary season. From a six-week affair in 1953, mounted for \$250,000, it is now an unrivaled colossus of North American theatre with an annual budget of \$61 million and a season that runs the better part of seven months. This year will feature a record 18 shows on its four stages, including the brand-new Studio Theatre. As part of the anniversary celebrations, several of Stratford's most stellar alumni are returning, led by Christopher Plummer, who will play King Lear. With no two theatres, the Festival and the Avon, freshly refurbished, its grandmoorion and the ornate on the Avon River perching handsomely, the festival would seem to be riding a wave of success unperceived in its history.

But has the place fulfilled the promise of that long-ago first night? That's a simple answer, and one that isn't personal. I've been seeing plays at Stratford since it was born. That was in 1958, a year after the tent was replaced by the permanent Festival Theatre. In the 45 years since I've seen a handful of productions at Stratford that have achieved greatness—that go on burning in the mind for decades. I can still recall seeing William Hart's magnificent Lear in 1968. At one point, in an astonishing display of comic control, the ac-



ter passed directly around the amphitheatre, his rakishly visage setting off a wave of laughter that echoed through each section of the crowd in turn. And then there was Stratford's *The Winter's Tale* in 1986. When in the climactic scene the statue of a dead woman came to life, in one of the most profound images of rebirth and redemption ever witnessed, much of the audience was weeping.

I've also enjoyed many Stratford shows that were good, if not noteworthy. But I've suffered through dozens of middling, ordinary, and even wretched ones as well. That's the way it is in the theatre, of course: you can't have champagne every night. However, although Stratford's production values remain high—few other theatres in the world clothe their scenes so well—the festival no longer enjoys a reputation for cutting-edge drama. Back in the 1970s and '80s, Stratford pioneered new ways of presenting Shakespeare. Today it seems content with walking paths it has tread before, albeit at times with impressive results.

I recently saw Christopher Plummer about the *Now This* 72 but with a coded energy in his step, he first arrived at the festival in 1956, to play a goliathic lead in Shakespeare's *Henry V*. He recalls Stratford's first 15 years under the successive artistic directorships of Tyrone Guthrie and Michael Langham as something of a golden age. "All the elegant New Yorkers



An album of Stratford's early performances, including (clockwise from top left) Guinness as Richard III, Plummer as Antony, Guinness and Irene Worth in *All's Well That Ends Well*, Plummer in *King Lear*

FIFTY YEARS OF STRATFORD MAGIC

Ontario's Shakespeare festival is a colossus of world theatre, but has it become too tame?



Mathews (top left) has programmed a collaborative season including Henry VIII with Sean Mathews and Michael Therriault, and *My Fair Lady* with Dale and Gerald Wys Davies

come up here in those days all the top producers, actors and society people. They came because Stratford had the most exciting theatre in North America."

Mathews' *Liar* has generated something of that old fever, not only because of the actor's sex appeal but because the production will be mounted by England's Jonathan Miller, one of the world's most innovative directors. Outliers have also been good for Stratford: they can shake up old habits with new visions, and among many committed theatre-goers there's a hope that Miller, Mathews and the Stratford company will find a new way into *Liar*. It's significant that this hope exists at all. Stratford may have named conservative in its middle age, but its standards remain high enough that, given the right chemistry between director, actors and play, greatness still lies within its reach.

Guthrie worried nothing less than to draw out emotions of mirth by replacing the usual proscenium arch-style stage, where theatre-goers see the action as in a picture frame, despoiled by the condescension of Shakespeare's own day, he designed a much more intimate "theatre in the round" where the audience would sit around three sides of a stage thrusting into their midst. Unable to persuade anyone in England to build such a thing, he brought his chance to the Stratford project.

Today, the festival boasts four stages. But the "thrust" or "open-style" stage envisioned by Guthrie, and superimposed by the gifted English designer Terry

Minchinovich, remains at the heart of Stratford's achievement. It's a beautiful, deceptively simple thing: a stepped platform of dark wood, with a balcony and a multitude of entrances. Just looking at it from the surrounding Greek-style amphitheatre can induce a state of contemplative calm. Guthrie, a great designer, created a robust, revolutionary style of monumentality on that stage. It was the that so thrilled the opening night audience in 1953, and which has marked the Stratford company ever since: a physically exuberant style that features explosive entrances and exits. This style connects with the primal energies of Shakespeare and other classic playwrights, although if it is used indiscriminately, it can also degenerate into much ado about nothing.

In fact, the thrust stage can be pointedly uncharitable for director or actor who underestimate its demands. Stratford alumnus Colin Firth, who—after his triumph as Horatio Trubshaw in the most enormous—so returning to the festival to star in *My Fair Lady* opposite Cynthia Dale, put it this way: "You're so exposed out there on the thrust stage. At any given moment a good portion of the audience is looking at you back. And the person who is looking at you back must be able to read the same thing the people who can see you face are reading. So the stage requires a more engaged, three-dimensional kind of acting. It doesn't allow you to lie anywhere."

The festival's current artistic director— the eighth in its history—is himself a veteran of that stage. At 57, Richard Monette is a charming, plump, chain-smoking maverick, who's worked 24 hours a day to the bone that fast inspired him to be an actor. He's so busy running the place that some reporters get to interview him only in his car in the theatre parking lot. Get lucky and land a dinner date at a Stratford pizzeria. He poomply lights up, orders a glass of red wine and begins to pose facet about the festival. "We generate \$170 million for the local economy—plus \$64 million in taxes. But the government only gives us about a million and a half in grants. Less than five percent of our budget!" It seems that part of Monette's brain runs on infinite pilot lights given to many fundraising and publicity speeches that he has trouble turning off.

But as he artlessly spaghetti and meatballs and more wine he grows more personal. He recalls that when he took over in

1994, the place was bleeding red ink and somewhat disgraced. "That first year we had to borrow money to pay the heating bill," Monette recalls, admiringly, he had more than one dark night as he wondered what had gotten him into. But he soon buckled down to changing things. "I love this place," he grows, "and I soon decided it wasn't going to die—not on my watch."

Monette has done much for the material well-being of the once-defunct-stricken festival than any artistic director in its history. He has run every one of his eight seasons in the black, and last year the festival chalked up an impressive budget of \$32 million and ticket sales of more than \$600,000. He's overseen the much-needed renovations of the Festival and Avon Theatres, founded the Studio Theatre, and started an endowment campaign which now contains \$18 million. On the artistic side, he started a conservatory for training young actors ("my promised legacy") and created the conditions for such superb productions as last summer's *Whistlestop of Virginia Woolf*, starring Martha Henry and Peter Donaldson. And the company's morale is higher than it's been in years.

Monette worth considering this he might have just a corner point or two, but his establishment of the 250-seat Studio Theatre directly mirrors this conviction that Stratford doesn't take enough chances. "The Studio's a ground for play," he says. "If we want to do some iconic drama like Macbeth's *Macbeth*, that is the place for it." And he knows out a line that must seem deliciously abandoned to this coddled man: "The Studio's too small to make money, but we're not going to waste about the bottom line."

It's something of a miracle that Stratford exists at all. The place goes against all conventional wisdom about what people want. Why do we have to see some play written hundreds of years ago when you could stay home and watch *Sex and the City*? But people keep making the pilgrimage, drawn in least in part by those enduring dreams from the masters. And young actors keep auditioning for the festival in droves, hoping to be invited to leave the ancient repertoires of swordplay and umbrella pantomime.

This year in *Liar* the pivotal role of Cordelia will be played by a 24-year-old from Ottawa, Sarah McVie. When I talked to her on the phone, she recalled her excitement at being asked to join the festival company as an apprentice a year ago. "I'd seen Megan Follows do *Julius Caesar* when I was 16, and I'd fallen in love with that stage and with the language. Coming here was the happiest day of my life." It's an enthusiasm for the festival that many in that delirious first-night audience of 1953 would understand.

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While Graham strums his guitar out West, his work continues to make waves abroad

Miller of Alberta and Ontario's Keri Adams—in the Sydney Biennale, Australia's venerable showcase of the world's top art. In the fall, he will be featured in galleries in London and Düsseldorf.

Graham first captured the art world's attention in the late '70s with his stunning, large-scale photos of inverted trees. They were taken with a shell-and-camera attachment in a distorted enclosure which admits light through a tiny hole, creating an inverted image he built on family property. The visual joke—pictures that appear to be hanging upside-down—finds layers of significance. Reality, Graham suggests, is an optical illusion: images enter the retina wrong, way up, and the human brain unconsciously “corrects” the perception.

The combination of the humorous and the cerebral characterizes the impressive range of conceptual photography, video, sound and sculpture installations he has produced to consistent accolades since then. Graham, who never went to art school but enrolled in a Bachelor of Arts program at the University of British Columbia, studies such diverse disciplines as literature, classical music, architecture and mathematics in the polished and, typically, witty artistic gems. “He’s funny,” says Catherine Casavant, senior curator at The Edmonton Art Gallery and co-curator of the Canadian delegation to Sydney. “But there’s also an incredible aesthetic rigour, as well as a wonderful material beauty, to his work. He makes very smart pieces.”

In the mid-'90s, Graham began to shift away from strict conceptualism and to play himself in the centre of what he calls “extremely judicious performance works.” He also turned his attention to popular culture and began exploring his favorite Freudian themes of the unconscious and obsession in a series of Hollywood-style films. Graham runs all the familiar clichés, mirroring the movies but not reflecting them; instead, he uses humor to illustrate the power and hold of the popular medium.

In *Wetmore Island*, the artist cast himself in the stock role of a 17th-century pirate sponsored on a tropical island with the standard props—a parrot and a barrel. Shot on location in the British Virgin Islands, this month's critically acclaimed 1997 centaurine work, *Wetmore Island*, will appear—along with pieces by James Cardiff and George Barn

lying unconscious on the beach. He wakes up and shakes a parrot tree a coconut falls on his head and knocks him out. The viewer expects a drama, but the film goes into a continuous loop, repeating the silly scene over and over. “There is no escape, you are in this circuit, repetitive thing,” says curator Jessica Bradley, who is planning a show of Graham's work for the Art Gallery of Ontario. “The coconut snaps you into the realization you are completely seduced by the cinematic form.”

In *How I Became a Rodeo Man* (1999), a takeoff on Westerns, Graham rides down from the desert hills, climbs off his horse, pulls out his guitar, Roy Rogers-style, sings a song, climbs back on his horse and rides away, just at the point where the lone-some cowboy would normally disappear into the sunset; he turns around and comes back. Here too the artist plays with viewer familiarity with the genre. “We feel you’re taken in,” says Bradley. “We know the scene—‘Oh yeah, the Matador Man.’ Then he sings this absurd build under the tree. Everything is slightly out of kilter, but right enough that you get it. That’s part of where the joke comes in—you think you’re get it, but he disassembles everything you know.”

Graham seems to know how to throw everyone off guard. “Conceptual art does—there is nothing more to add,” the artist insists as he penises the new phase of his career. “I think that, Bradbury’s new iconic ‘housecat,’ responds Bradley, adding that his work is “much less refined” than that of most artists whose works resolve around ideas. But Graham says he’s serious about his plans for a pop-rock CD of his new songs, which he hopes to release this fall. “It’s completely songish—shout, not music at all,” he says. “I decided to get into this singer-songwriter thing because it is completely non-conceptual—it is immediate, emotional expression.”

Widmer describes the artist’s album as “smart and soulful;” the lyrics, however, with a “left-field kind of raw sentiment of classic Dylan.” He says he’d admire the music “even if I didn’t know who Michael Rosiley.” While Graham shifts into surprise songs, Widmer observes that the artist “has always been, in his art, quite perverse and puzzling.” Maybe when Graham sings *Rodeo Man*, he’s really singing about himself, his nose quite half in cheek. “Ever like a little cloud on high/I’ll be a drifter till the day that I die.”



How I Became a Rodeo Man (above), Wetmore Island (left) and one of his inverted tree photographs at centre: humour with ‘an incredible intellectual rigour’ and a ‘wonderful material beauty’



WHAT A CONCEPT

An international star of conceptual art just wants to be a straight-ahead singer-songwriter

BY SHARON DOYLE DREIBERG

Rodney Graham braves over the dark in his modest Robson Street studio and taps energetically on a calculator as if it were a musical keyboard. “I’m sorry, I don’t have any new work to show you,” the Vancouver artist says politely. Graham, one of Canada’s art-world’s most starry stars, is playing hooky. He has decided—desperately, at least—to devote himself to singing and writing songs. “Right now I am just doing my music,” says Graham, a boyish 55, impeccable in dark denim jeans and a granite print shirt. “It’s a bit of an obsession with me, and it’s not one that really helps my art career.” Not that he hasn’t used music in his art. In 1996, Graham created a sound work based on a Wagner opera. In 2000, he made a recording of his own songs for a sound installation titled *The Bed-dog, Low dive*.

While Graham has sold and巡迴 his guitar on the West Coast, his work continues to raise waves abroad. This month his critically acclaimed 1997 centaurine work, *Wetmore Island*, will appear—along with pieces by James Cardiff and George Barn

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. BROWN

Entertainment Notes

Single guy plus kid equals dreamboat

Yes, *About A Boy* is about a boy, one who turns a shallow man into a decent human being, suitable for a good woman. But it's also about Hugh Grant's spectacular wardrobe and new haircut. Never has he looked so stylish and spry, donning an Audi Coupe, wearing a different, fabulous jacket in every scene, with just the right dark denim jeans and the latest sneakers. Gone is the floppy mop of hair that he used to break from his eyes while uncomfortably smirking. Heck, the grumpy guy goes 100—seems a dad. Wie the heck he's able to play in *Brüder jüdel* *Diary* and *About A Boy*? Sorry, known exactly how to assimilate the rathskind in his head.

Grant plays Will, a 38-year-old Londoner who's never had a job—he lives off the royalties of his father's famous Christmas song—and has no meaningful relationships in his life. When by fluke Will discovers that single motherhood is a new and uncapped dating pool, he attracts a two-year-old son and joins a single-parent support group. But instead of hooking up with a yummy mommy, Will ends up hanging out with a 12-year-old boy, Marcus (Nicholas Hoult), who comes round every day, uninvited, to watch TV. At first Will figures what the hell, until the arrangement threatens his cool, straight lifestyle. Will believes a man can be as blind with the advent of DVDs,undles, and/or TV and CD players, one doesn't need other people anymore for amusement.

Another blow to stand life comes when Will actually falls for a single mom, Rachel (Rachel Weisz). He realizes that he's very luke to offer A foreigner in the land of the monstrously natural. Will then passes Marcus off to his own son. But by proceeding to be the boy's father, Will settles that Marcus, who's bullied at school and whose

mom is infidel, actually needs one.

Surprisingly, the film solicits sympathy, proving that we're not cut out survive without a happy ending. That's a lesson taken directly from the popular Nick Hornby novel on which the movie is based. *About A Boy* is a pretty straightforward adaptation, where chunks of dialogue are lifted word for word. Will's shallow private thoughts are done as voice-over (he works much better than the talk-to-the-camera method used in *High Fidelity*, the Hornby adaptation starring John Cusack). The union of Hornby's words and Grant's delivery is a blessed one—here is the archetypal British blake, the male threnger Jesus.

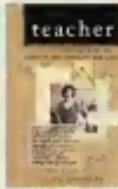
For the director, Paul and Chris Weir, are Americans—and they made the men act correctly American *Per se*. How can they possibly understand a big British author? But they do, and they deserve credit for making this movie a romantic comedy. Will's love interest doesn't show up until two-thirds of the way in, and she takes back to the kid. But even without the romance, *About A Boy* can still be filled with witty chick flicks, alongside *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, *Notting Hill* and *Brüder jüdel* *Diary*. Let's face it, what do chicks dig more than a single guy with gyn clothes, a good haircut and a way with kids?

Shonda Deneil



Given are Grant's studier and happy hair, replaced by perfect diction and a fab new look

Gold stars for great teachers



Nearly everyone remembers a teacher who left an indelible mark on his or her life. With that in mind, David Shiffman, the Washington business editor of the *New York Times* spent a year collecting stories of inspirational educators. The result is *I Remember My Teacher*, a recently published collection of 300 anecdotes from political heavyweights, actors, business executives, politicians, authors and many others, inspired by an average law professor.

Author Rob Reiner, who is the star of his Grade 10 English teacher didn't tell him, and I'd be Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, who was turned on to the U.S. Constitution by an average law professor.

John Stoddard

Entertainment Notes

Physician heals herself

In greater case files may be unearthing of the enormous courage and resilience of the woman who tells her life story in its pages. But *The Doctor Will See You Now* (Nevalis), the autobiography of Jane Poston, Canada's first practicing blind physician, is still a moving account of human possibility.

Born in Banff, Poston faced obstacles at 13, resulting blindness at 27 and died of breast cancer at 49 in 2003. But the bare bones of a tragic life can't obscure her accomplishments, which included pioneering work in palliative care at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital. Simply becoming a doctor at all, in a field where "syndication" passes as all-important, may be Poston's two most profound paths—one reaching out of despair, the other her professional learning curve—make her an extraordinary story.

Best-Sellers

Position	Author	Edition
1	BRADLEY, Gary (with C. H. C.)	1
2	THE DIRECTOR'S CUT: Michael Bay (ed.)	1
3	BARRY MELTON, Entertainer (ed.)	1
4	CROWN LAKES, Ray Lankom (ed.)	1
5	MEYER, Michael	1
6	SHERRYL KAGAN AND NANCY KAGAN (ed.)	1
7	JOHNSON, Eric (with C. H. C.)	1
8	TESSIER, Michel (ed.)	1
9	CLARK-GALLAR, Michael (ed.)	1
10	EVERYTHING IS EVENTUAL, Stephen King (ed.)	1
11	THE REVENGE OF THE Lovers (ed.)	1

Nonfiction

1	STORY HUNGRY: Memorable (ed.)	1
2	THE FALL OF BURG (2006, same format)	1
3	LARRY KING (ed.) (ed.)	2
4	THE GREAT MUSICA-BALLET (ed.)	1
5	BOOK REVIEWS FOR CANADA: David Suzuki and Michael Dennis (ed.)	10
6	SHAKES: William Shakespeare (ed.)	1
7	THE RAVISHING (ed.) (ed.)	1
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101 uses for an ex-PM

Jean Chrétien was once machineously described by the late Délon Camp as looking like "the driver of the getaway car." That clearly, I think, can be disconcerting. With a recent announcement that the Prime Minister has formed a team to prepare for next fall's Liberal leadership review, it's obvious that he's not about to speed out of that seat very, very soon.

In fact, Canadians may have to accept that we are all starting in a very long-running movie, the political version of *Groundhog Day*, which was a comedy about a day that keeps happening over and over again. This one is about a prime ministership that keeps happening over and over again, and is not over that funny. It features Jean Chrétien as the Man Who Wouldnt Leave. And who can blame him? He likes where he lives, he loves what he does, and if occasionally he is having a bad day—one that he can't shake off on one of his inexcusable weekends—well, the little guy from Shangri-la never seems to take it as a sign that he best be moving on. Instead, there is an excuse for everything. And when calling for an RCMP investigation of his government's avoiding connection to the same agency? Never mind—he did it to save the country! That Martin writing so long on the wings that his smile looks like something out of a *Les Misérables* movie? Pfft! That's his problem. The Liberals are the losing end of two major elections? C'est la vie!

Much to our discomfort, Chrétien doesn't seem ready to continue the late great one. Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who went for his famous walk in the snow, essentially drafted the air, then stopped and said, "It's time for me to go." Chrétien would go for a walk in the snow, come back and sit alone with his bench. In fact, you can just hear him, bumbling through the dooms of St. Sava's Drive, perfectly pleased with himself, crowing in sheer exuberance: "Oh you know, Alone, I love this job! It keeps me young." Yeah, but what about the rest of us? We grow old, we grow old; we will see the bottom of our school jeans roll. Collectively, we are walking into decrepitude while Chrétien, like the person of Doxan Grey, is strongly beginning to look better and better. He looked older a decade ago, and I don't think he's had work done. Oh no, he is in the shall of something far more rejuvenating than botox. It's called power and power is恤ously, as Henry Kasper says, and the "ultimate splendor" is the ultimate Getout.

This is silly, because as long as there is no visible politi-



cal opposition, we're not going to vote Chrétien out. And Chrétien isn't going to relinquish the job. Unless... that is. The only way we're going to unhook Jean Chrétien from political life appears to be to find him another job.

Remember that ratable book—*101 Uses for a Dead Cat*?—well, there must be an equal number of uses for a former prime minister. Let me see. He could follow Bill Clinton's lead and extension the idea of becoming a talk-show host. Then again, unless they were prepared to have discussions in both official languages, no one could understand him. Well, what about work in the financial sector? Hmmm. Talk to the auditor general about that?

In fact, it's also difficult to put a finger on what, if anything, could entice Chrétien away from this, the role of his life, than I think we should consult an executive headhunter. Let's call him Dr. Search. He has this guy on the line now; the brief conversation is not going well. "Your candidate, how old is he?" asks Dr. Search. "Not young," I reply miserably. "But not so old either. He's kind of up there." "After 50, most people are washed up," says Dr. Search firmly. "But these are exceptions. Is he good with people?" He has a smile. "Not exactly. He either grows them or caught them up if they get to him way."

"Hm," says Dr. Search. "This guy does not sound like a hot property." I reply deservingly. "Oh, but wait." I say. "He's got a rough-hewn charm, naive manner, he's dressed with precision, golfed with Tiger Woods, signed tea with the Queen. He's assigned through controversy and scandal, and he still somehow seems vigorous!" But cut to the chase, says Dr. Search. "Can he bring clients in? Will anyone take his phone calls once he leaves office? More importantly, can he bill, because it's about billable hours."

Alas, now, there's a real problem. This is a man who may not know how to bill, so much as how to de濶le. I mean, it takes a special kind of talent to peddle over a government which effectively paid more than half a million dollars for a non-existent report. "It can't help you," says Dr. Search. "This is not a talent in great demand right now."

Never mind, I've got it. I know exactly the right use for Jean Chrétien. He was staring me in the face all along. He could be... yes, driver of the getaway car! Because, let's face it, the robbery has already taken place:



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